THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

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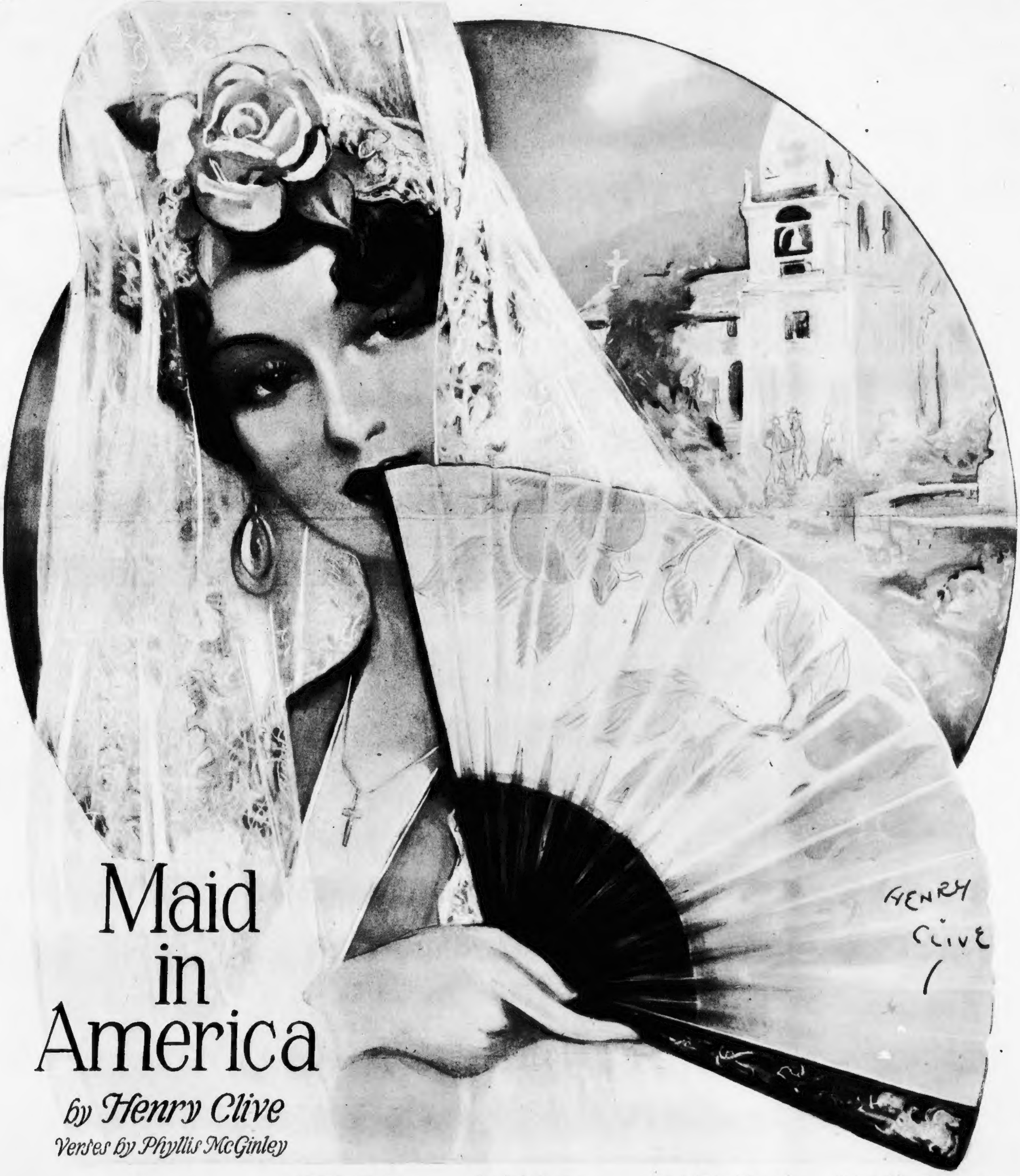
Week of February 15, 1942



Maid in America

by Henry Clive

Verses by Phyllis McGinley

No. 5— California Spanish Girl

Don Ferdinand Sanchez
Has cattle and ranches,
A white hacienda, a Spanish-born
wife.
But though he takes pride in
The wealth they abide in,
His daughter Maria is light of
his life.

From far foreign places
Come satins and laces,
Come bracelets and earrings and combs
for her hair.
Does she but request a
Midsummer fiesta,
Then half California feasts on his
fare.

"Ah, when shall we see a
Maid fair as Maria,"
Sigh all the young men when
the dancing is done.
"Her beauty amazing
We're constantly praising,
Yet how shall the hand of an
heiress be won?"

But lovely Maria with brown eyes
alight,
Smiles- soft in the darkness and
dreams of the night
When he whom she waits for, from
old Monterey,
Shall leap to her window and bear
her away.

Before He Went to Work on His Symphony, the Composer Made a Thorough Study of All the Vitamins in the Alphabet and Their Effect on the Human Body.

Composed A Symphony About Vitamins

MUSICIANS usually are on the romantic side and find inspiration for their works in love, rippling brooks, moonlight nights, and flights of fancy. But Carl Eppert is the exception to this rule. He finds his musical ideas in food and, believe it or not, his latest symphony tells in harmonious metaphor the story of vitamins.

Off-hand, some people might set down the 56-year-old Eppert as a musical wag, but his unusual creations are really tops. One of his vitamin-inspired symphonic suites recently won first prize during the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's Golden Jubilee, and another composition, based on the same food theme, will have its world premiere soon with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

To Eppert, the story of vitamins was dramatic because it symbolized the scientists' thrilling battle against disease. The composer could see no reason why the flight of a bumble-bee, for instance, which inspired Rimsky-Korsakof, is any more fitting for symphonic musical treatment than the great fight against mal-nutrition and proceeded to prove it. He believes that symphonies might just as well be based on down-to-earth subjects—themes readily understood by us common folks. The idea came to him while he was spending the Summer at Ellison Bay, in Door County, Wisconsin, and he went to work on it soon afterward.

But before putting notes to paper that would soon be a symphonic suite and ballet telling the story of vitamins, Eppert made a thorough study of the subject. He knew a little about the almost invisible substances that do people so much good and he set out to discover more. He ran straight through the vitamin alphabet, learning the various effects and functions of the different-lettered substances. Then, when he had studied all the scientific data so as to be musically accurate, he set out to tell the amazing story of vitamins in tuneful language.

In his first suite, the composer wrote an introduction to acquaint his listeners with the discovery of vitamins—and its importance. Then he created three short numbers, one of them concerning Vitamin A, or what he calls the "general food health" substance, the second based on Vitamin C, the anti-scurvy substance, and the third about D which is valuable in preventing rickets and is also called the sunshine vitamin.

And when he had his composition finished, he entered it in the Chicago contest, of which John Barbirolli of the New York Philharmonic Society, Eugene Ormandy of the Philadelphia Orchestra and Deems Taylor, the music critic, were the judges.

Eppert describes his composition as a double theme with variations, not dance music, but melodies that tell a dramatic story. Suite Number Two includes a theme on Vitamin B, which is necessary for steady nerves, another on Vitamin E, the reproducing agent, as well as an interlude in which the work depicts the happy triumph of all the vitamins against disease.

The music interprets the battle that takes place within the system when these vitamins come to grips with disease. For example, Eppert pictures Vitamin E, the reproducing agent, by means of a passacaglia, in which the main theme is constantly repeated, with variations and melodic lines, reproducing themselves. Over and over the theme is sounded and even the severest scientist, aloof from the realm of symphonies and without a musical ear, can't help but spot the activities of Vitamin E as Eppert magically fashions the laboratory story into music.

The composer's vitamin-inspired symphonies do not mark the first time that he has delved into the prosaic to find themes for his works. Eppert, a native of Carbon, Indiana, has for some time been picturing the life around us in music. He has written a piece called "Traffic," inspired by the crash and thunder of the metropolis, and another called "Timber," based on Montana lumbering operations which he had watched one Summer.

"I prefer to depict the American scene in all my works," explains Eppert. "In an earlier work, the 'Symphony of the City,' I showed the struggles and pleasures of life in the average great cities of today. In another, called 'City Shadows,' I show just what the title implies. But in my 'vitamin' work, which has received favorable comment from such organizations as the American Medical Association, I hope I have pictured the great triumph of our scientists in this century as they war on man's worst enemy, disease."

If the plaudits of the musical world, and even of scientific men are any indication, then it must be conceded that Eppert has succeeded.

Eppert isn't the only composer to weave a musical score around unusual themes. Others have been equally daring but few find their inspiration in the everyday things of life. Recently, however, a symphony by Russell Bennett, about the Brooklyn Dodgers' struggle to win the National League pennant, was played in New York. The music reflected everything from the booing of the baseball crowd to the turning of the tide when Dolph Camilli came to bat.

Conducted by the composer, the Dodger Symphony told the story of their troubles, squabbles, losses, and ultimate triumph. It was so realistic that some of the ball players, attending the premiere, even got sore at the raw deal given them by the umpire in the second number.

Adopted By The Man Who Won Her In A Crap Game

A WHITE-HAIRED old lady, rocking gently on the porch on her Roseville, California, home, amazed two insurance investigators recently with a strange tale of how she had been "won" by her now-dead father in a game of dice almost 68 years ago.

Calmly the 67-year-old woman, known to her neighbors as Miss Chance Cobwell Hall, explained to her astonished callers why her last name was so different from that of her father and why, despite that fact, she was entitled to the $2,000 insurance he had left her under her adopted name of Caroline C. Prenison.

Miss Hall's strange story began in the gold-fever days of California back in 1874 when as strange a game of dice as the frontier ever saw took place in a gold-town saloon.

"Of course I don't recollect it," Miss Hall told her visitors," but my father gave me the whole story when I was about 20 years old. He was enjoying himself with a lot of his friends in a saloon in a little mining hamlet called 'Nugget' on Christmas Eve in 1874. There were about 30 men in the rickety building, all celebrating. One of the miners—everybody in those days was digging for the precious yellow metal—just happened to look down toward the end of the bar and he let out a yell when he saw a worn wicker basket standing there..."

When the Miner Rolled Out Five Sixes, the Bearded Loser in the Strange Contest Clambered to the Bar and Christened the Stake in the Game Chance Cobweb Hall.

To the experienced claim agents, this tale had all the earmarks of the wild yarns that some people think up when they're making dishonest insurance claims. But Miss Hall caught the look that passed between them, smiled slowly and insisted that she was telling them nothing but the truth.

"That was me in the basket, but nobody knew it yet," she chuckled. "The sourdough who had discovered it called the other men and everybody crowded around. The barkeeper was as surprised as anybody and swore he didn't know anything about the basket or how it got there. Since all the men were mighty curious, he pulled back the horsehair blanket. They were all mighty surprised to see a three-weeks'-old baby staring up at them."

Miss Hall caught another dubious look exchanged by her two auditors but she went on with the story that she seemed to know to the last detail.

"I can prove what I'm saying," she said, "and I will, as soon as I'm finish talking to you gentlemen. Well, that was the beginning of as strange a happening as any fiction writer ever dreamed up. According to my father, the men in the saloon represented the total population of little Nugget so they knew right away that the baby didn't belong to anybody there. The men all started shouting, the baby cried and the barkeeper set up rye and bourbon on the house, because it was Christmas. In all that uproar they drank to the new baby in Nugget and as they lifted their glasses one burly fellow, full of good will and whisky, demanded to know who was going to take care of the child. He said that someone ought to adopt me and see that I was fed and properly taken care of.

"That seemed like a mighty good idea to the hilarious men and there were shouts of approval mingled with the name of John Prenison. Most of the men thought he would make the best father. Others favored their friends and such a hubbub arose that the barkeeper stood up on the bar and shouted that they'd better roll dice to settle the matter. He held up a leather dice cup and the laughing crowd surged toward him.

"But the barkeeper, before he handed out the little white cubes, passed around a hat into which the generous-hearted celebrators tossed plenty of gold coins.

" 'That's a grubstake for the future father,' one man shouted and the game was on. With gnarled fingers each miner took his turn and the little white cubes rattled along the bar. Suddenly one man let out a yell. He had thrown five aces and a six and with wild cheers the men hoisted this bearded "winner" to their shoulders.

"But Mr. Prenison had been overlooked and now, shouting above the din, he demanded his turn. The saloon was deathly quiet as, in six tries, he expertly rolled six sixes.

" 'I win the baby and the money,' he bellowed, and so he had. He poured the hatful of gold coins onto the bar and demanded champagne for everybody and popping corks punctuated the hoarse congratulations and the back slappings lavished on the new 'father.'

"The loser made a last sporting gesture. With wine streaming down his beard, he proposed a toast for the baby and her new father and insisted that he had the right to name the foundling. The noise died down and ready hands assisted him as he shakily mounted the bar, raised his glass to the smoke-blackened ceiling and, eloquently enough for a miner, toasted the new 'family.' Then he named me in one sentence, "I christen this baby 'Chance Cobweb Hall.'" The men emptied their glasses, crashed them onto the floor and threw their hats into the air.

"Later, Mr. Prenison went through the legal formalities of an adoption because he thought I ought to have a more ladylike name than the one given me when I was discovered in the Nugget saloon, but by that time my first name had stuck and everywhere I went it followed me like Mary's little lamb. And now I'll prove my story."

She went into the house and came back in a moment with a yellowed paper. The insurance men, familiar with legal documents, immediately recognized an adoption form. There was Miss Hall's name—"Chance Cobweb Hall"—and her father's name—John Prenison. Her later change of name was clearly shown and on the back of the document was a brief description of how she had been adopted by John Prenison.

As the insurance agents were about to leave, they asked the aged woman why she was christened with such an odd-sounding name."

" 'Cobweb Hall'," she answered, "was the saloon where I was found and 'Chance' meant the dice game in which my father won me."

When her father died, Miss Hall had discovered an insurance policy of his made out in her favor and she had written to the company. The tangle of names had then developed which her story—and the documents—had straightened out so that she got her modest inheritance.

Blasting Air Raid Victims Back To Sanity

NOW that war has broken out here and American cities are under bomb attack, the trials and tribulations of Europe's air raid victims take on new meaning. Americans are seriously interested in air raids and how to maintain civilian morale during these sudden and fearful assaults from the sky.

Great Britain has had a lot more experience than the United States so Americans have a ready-made testing laboratory at hand in which the best ways to conquer an air raid and a blackout can be determined.

One of the newest developments in England is the strange "shock treatment" for curing air raid victims who have been driven partially insane by the thunder of bombs, the drone of high flying bombers, the whine of dive fighters and the roar of the anti-aircraft guns.

The Victims Are Conditioned by Phonograph Records of Actual Air Attacks.

The mental shock of these fearful sounds has driven a number of victims in England into hospitals where they tremble and quiver and hide their heads at every new raid just the way a bunch of scared children will crawl under the bed when a thunderstorm comes.

In a recent report to the Southern Medical Association, doctors described "crash conditioning" for England's blitz victims. The real and actual sounds of the "blitz" over London, Dover or Coventry are recorded by engineers of the British Broadcasting Corporation using microphones placed in fields, homes and bomb shelters.

These recordings are taken to hospitals and the terrifying treatment begins. People who jump at the creak of a door or the scratch of a match are placed in rooms where loud speakers pour out the bedlam of the blitzkreigs. With them are nurses who calmly tell them that these sounds are only recordings and that no actual attack is going on.

At first the victims run screaming from the room holding their ears and tearing at anything in their way.

But within two weeks of the start of the treatment, and with constant repetitions that "these are the ones which won't hurt you," the victims begin to take these dreadful sounds without reaction and soon can go through a real air raid as calmly as any normal person.

Even little children can frequently become so immune that they go right on playing and call the air raid sirens "mooing minnies," a name they have invented.

The General of the Little Island Army Made Up of 160 Men Commands Her Troops Dressed in a Lumberjack's Shirt and a Pair of White Flannel Trousers.

Where Only Women Get To Be Generals

GREAT BRITAIN has nearly 250,000 women serving in its armed forces and holding ranks from corporal to colonel. Russia and Germany, between them, probably have almost a million women in military britches but only one country in the world has a woman general. That is Seras, where the generals have been women as far back as man or buck private can remember.

Seras is one of the countless tiny islands that dot the southern portion of the Indian Ocean, far from regular ship lanes. About 400 miles southwest of Ceylon this island is a six mile by almost five mile oblong with rounded corners and a V-shaped notch on the north end that is an excellent harbor for the occasional ship that stops there. It has a population of 800 hard working, well organized natives.

Every man on the island strong enough to work a full day in the fields must serve in the army, at present about 160 strong. Military service is performed in periods with intervals of civilian life during which the native is considered a part of the reserve and subject to call if needed. Each soldier wears on his chest—suspended from a vine-string—a bit of squared bark about the size of his palm. At the end of each day's service a mark is made on this bark by the second in command. When there are 44 marks his military service is finished. During his civil life period he wears a circular bark "record book," and at the end of each day the island chieftain or a sub-chief marks it. After 63 days he is again returned to military duty.

No one is sure when this system went into effect or when the Seras first learned to count but it has been in force for over 100 years. Captain Johnathan Brand, an English seaman, visited the island in 1837 in his ship the "God Willing" and in a letter to Sir George Rawleig, an English scholar, gives an account of it. Captain Brand thought the Seras were taught to count by Islamic missionaries and Sir George agreed. The latter claimed to find evidence that this island was visited by Arab seamen as early as 1630.

Captain Henri Theibaut, a French naval officer, who visited this part of the world before Captain Brand, makes no mention of the service periods but left a record of the lady general and her army of 40 men in 1778.

"The savages call their captain of war, Lumilie, or some similar name. I am not certain whether this be her name or title. She is a buxom young woman of 30 or so and much prettier than the others. She covers her dark skin with as few clothes as any female here but wears a tall headgear, partly of metal, which is evidently her symbol of office. She always carries a thick war club which, by rights, should be too heavy for a woman to lift.

"Her office is no mockery for she has been trained to it since childhood. Every few years the most intelligent girl child in the island is added to the suite of the general as a page and during her pagehood is taught all the arts of war known to her commander. Sometimes a page fails to satisfy a generaless and is dismissed even after some years. The oldest page, there are sometimes four or five of them ranging in age from 12 to 20, acts as second in command, but does not necessarily succeed to office on the death or dismissal of a general. The best student, among the three eldest, is chosen. A general can be dismissed for accepting a bribe, negligence or losing a war."

The present woman general is Lubline and, like Captain Theibaut's general, she is a comely woman in the late thirties. Unlike most island women of her age she still appears fresh and firm. Lubline wears more clothes than the lady who commanded in 1778, adorning herself with a gray and red checked lumberjack's shirt, white flannel trousers and a heavy pair of men's work shoes. This outfit Lubline inherited in 1926 from her predecessor who got it from an English yachtsman, Rodgers Milkin, who visited the island and left the clothes in appreciation of the hospitality accorded him and his party of three.

The hereditary ruler of Seras is 53-year-old Chief Mungo who permits none of his people to slacken. Under his able supervision, they cultivate about 1000 acres of rice, maintain a 40-acre orchard, raise countless chickens, pigs, and a few ducks and goats. They also cultivate a few acres of tobacco for every Serasian, whether six or 60, likes his pipe.

General Lubline's job is to keep her soldiers drilling. There hasn't been a war since 1890, when a nearby island attempted an invasion and was beaten off, but national defense preparations go on. With spears, war clubs, javelins and slings the men daily practice the art of repelling invaders. Huge trenches and breastworks have been thrown up all around the island from which the Serasians can hurl their javelins with deadly accuracy.

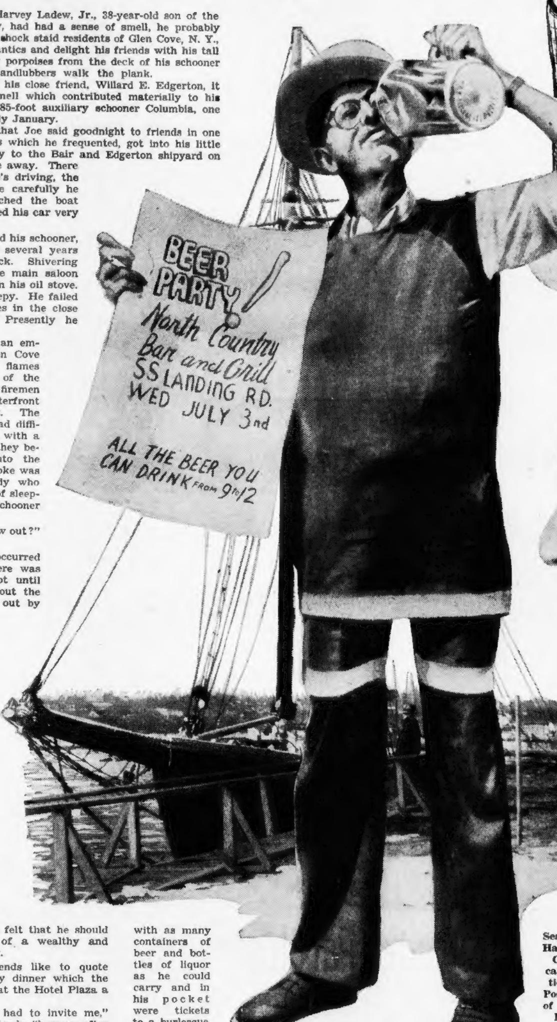
When not drilling, the men are busy manufacturing additional equipment until today the army of 230, including over-age reserves, owns more than 9000 throwing javelins, 1800 war clubs, 900 12-foot-long spears, and over 900 slings. There seems to be plenty of ammunition for these slings. The island's last visitor, Captain George Gloson of the "Good Voyage II," early this year observed an ammunition dump of smooth stones that covered at least an acre of ground and rose some 30 feet high.

Another duty of the soldiers is to maintain order. Acting as police on an island where crime is virtually unknown, they break up occasional disturbances, chase pigs into the forest and guard the tobacco store-house.

Tragic End of Mr. Ladew's Eccentric Life Afloat

His Lost Sense of Smell Ended the Curious Career of the Wealthy Seagoing-Hermit Aboard His Schooner Where He Schemed the Weird Adventures That Made Him Notorious as the Man Who Lived on Water But Seldom Drank It

"I Got Into Evening Clothes," Joe Explained, "Hired a Limousine and Went to the Plaza. My Entrance Was Really Something. Everybody Seemed Pleased; Then Their Expressions Reflected Horror. It Was Just Because I Didn't Have On Any Shoes or Socks."


BEER PARTY!
North Country Bar and Grill
SS LANDING RD.
WED JULY 3rd
ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK FROM 9 to 12

Seagoing Joseph Harvey Ladew, in Characteristically Unconventional Raiment Posing in Behalf of a Beer Party. In the Background Is the Schooner Columbia, on Which He Lived—and Died.

(c) News Syndicate Co., Inc.

Muriel Kelsey, Whom Mrs. Ladew Named in Her Divorce Complaint, and Who Testified Fluently, Much to Everybody's Surprise, About Her Associations with Mr. Ladew, Which, He Told Friends, Were Not as Colorful as Narrated.

Happie, Joe Ladew's Wife, Who Divorced Her Husband on the Basis of Astonishing Testimony by the Lady Co-respondent.

IF WEALTHY Joseph Harvey Ladew, Jr., 38-year-old son of the late J. Harvey Ladew, had had a sense of smell, he probably would still be alive to shock staid residents of Glen Cove, N. Y., with his unconventional antics and delight his friends with his tall tales of machine-gunning porpoises from the deck of his schooner and making teetotaler landlubbers walk the plank.

But in the opinion of his close friend, Willard E. Edgerton, it was Joe's inability to smell which contributed materially to his tragic death aboard his 85-foot auxiliary schooner Columbia, one bitterly cold night in early January.

It was late at night that Joe said goodnight to friends in one of the Glen Cove taverns which he frequented, got into his little coupe and drove carefully to the Bair and Edgerton shipyard on Long Island Sound a mile away. There was one thing about Joe's driving, the more he drank the more carefully he drove and when he reached the boat works, it is said, he parked his car very neatly indeed.

He got out and boarded his schooner, the Columbia, which for several years had been tied to the dock. Shivering with cold, he entered the main saloon and started a fire going in his oil stove. Soon he began to get sleepy. He failed to detect the lethal fumes in the close quarters below deck. Presently he drifted off to sleep . . .

Shortly before dawn, an employe at the nearby Glen Cove incinerator works saw flames arising from the deck of the Columbia. Volunteer firemen summoned to the waterfront found no water hydrant. The tide was out and they had difficulty in fighting the fire with a pressure pump. Finally they began to spurt water into the cabin from which the smoke was pouring. Then somebody who knew Joe and his habits of sleeping alone on board his schooner arrived.

"Did you get Joe Ladew out?" he asked.

It apparently hadn't occurred to them before that there was somebody aboard for not until the water used to put out the blaze had been pumped out by employes of the Public Works Department was Joe Ladew's body found clad in night clothes. Death, said Dr. David E. Byrne, Nassau County Medical Examiner, had been caused by suffocation. There were also first and second degree burns on the body.

Thus ended the life of one of Long Island's most picturesque characters. Labelled a hermit by some, a recluse by others and an eccentric by others still, he was none of these things. He was the rich son of a wealthy family who lived his life exactly as he desired to live it and ignored or mocked the social conventions which others felt that he should maintain as the scion of a wealthy and socially prominent family.

In proof of this friends like to quote Joe's version of a family dinner which the Ladews supposedly gave at the Hotel Plaza a few years ago.

"They felt that they had to invite me," Joe would relate to his friends, "because after all I was an important member of the family.

"When I saw that I couldn't get out of it, I thought that I'd do it up brown. I got into evening clothes and hired a big Packard limousine to drive me to the Plaza. My entrance was really something.

"At first there was a look of pleased surprise on everyone's face. Then that gave way to a look of horror. And just because I didn't have shoes and socks on!"

Willard Edgerton doesn't vouch for that story because he wasn't a party to it but he was aboard the Columbia when Joe sailed her into a situation equally as interesting.

"During the last five or six years Joe didn't sail the Columbia often but when he did, it was always an occasion," he said. "One such event occurred a few summers ago when Joe decided to take a cruise."

Edgerton and a few other friends went aboard and Joe announced that the cruise was to "unexplored Brooklyn."

So all hands sailed the Columbia down the Sound, and into the East River where the Columbia was tied up at the Tiebout Yacht Basin on the Brooklyn waterfront. Then Joe went ashore "to hold a palaver with the natives." As the weather was warm, his going-ashore clothes consisted only of a soiled pair of dungarees. He wore no shirt shoes or socks.

When he returned, his arms were laden with as many containers of beer and bottles of liquor as he could carry and in his pocket were tickets to a burlesque show to which he invited all his guests.

"We tried to get Joe to dress but he insisted on going just the way he was," said Edgerton. "They let us in, too.

"Joe was always careless about his personal appearance. He'd wear a shirt until it was in tatters. Personally he was very clean, of course, and would always have the tatters washed.

"At first we would tell him to get a new shirt but when he told us not to be snobbish we had to resort to other measures. When we thought that he should wear another shirt, we'd buy one for him, grab him, rip off the tattered one and give him the new one. He'd get a kick out of a thing like that.

"When he came back to his boat after a trip to Florida with his father I hardly knew him. He had let his hair grow and had grown a long beard.

"I told him he'd better do something about it. He finally agreed and went to Glen Cove to see a barber.

"When he came back later he still had the beard but he had had his hair shaved off his head which was as smooth as a billiard ball!" The unconventional things which he did and said have become almost legendary around Glen Cove.

One time, for example, he gave a sailor who cleaned his boat a monthly salary check made out to the order of "The Best —— —— in Glen Cove." It is said that the bank honored the check, too.

Joe, while convivial, resented curious summer visitors from prying into his affairs. One night while he was quietly drinking in a local tavern, a summer visitor came in for a drink with her escort. A dainty young thing she signalled Joe out as a quaint character and asked her escort what he did for a living.

Overhearing her remark, Joe approached her with great dignity.

"I happened to hear you, Miss," he said solemly, "I'd be delighted to show you how I earn my daily bread. We sail at dawn to machine gun porpoises."

"What an odd way to make a living," said the girl, "why do you do it?"

"To keep 'em from capsizing small pleasure craft, Miss," said Joe touching his forelock.

"And have you always done that sort of work?" asked the girl innocently.

"No mam!" answered Joe, greatly insulted, "as a youth I was an ostrich strangler!"

During the past few years Joe did a good deal of drinking. It has been said that some days he drank as much as four quarts of gin a day and local tavern keepers don't deny it.

On the contrary they point to a sort of check and balance system which he devised to keep from being cheated when he did some drinking in pubs away from town.

He would always pay his bar bills by check at the end of the month. Thus, on occasion a shrewd bartender would try to run up his bar bill. Inevitably Joe would return the bill for readjustment with a pencilled memo to the effect that the bill was $40, or $45 too high.

When the bartender would indignantly tell him that the bill was correct and that he probably didn't know just how much drinking he had done, Joe would quickly correct him.

"I always drink just as much at one bar, drink for drink, as at another," he would point out. "So, when one tavern sends me a bill that's one figure, and another that's lower, I know that the first one has been trying to take advantage of me."

Joe Ladew's love for boats developed early in life. As a boy, his father took him for a round the world cruise in his big steam yacht.

But on that cruise, back in 1913, Joe began to exhibit some of the playful tendencies that continued to the day of his death.

In one Japanese port he created a furor by prying the hinge off a Buddhist temple door and was chased back to the yacht by irate priests who were finally soothed by Joe's father. Next he precipitated what almost amounted to an international incident which caused embarrassment both to the United States and Japan. Between Nagaski and Yokohama, the yacht put into Wakayama for repairs. Wakayama was a closed port and when Joe took it upon himself to fire the one pound saluting cannon on the deck to announce their arrival, the Japanese thought that the Columbia was an American gunboat and immediately seized the vessel and arrested all on board.

The Foreign Ministry of Japan and the State Department of the United States at once conferred over the affair. Six days later, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Viscount Sutemi Chinda announced: "Upon preliminary examination of the case by a competent public procurator, it was decided to drop the proceedings. The question thus comes to a close."

When Joe grew up he developed an expert knack for mechanics, converted an old Model T Ford into a racing car and with it beat Ralph De Palma in a $15,000 racing car. Later he took up outboard motorboat racing, "following the circuit" wherever races were staged.

In 1928 Joe Ladew married Miss Happie Bedford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bedford of Aiken, S. C., and New York City. They had one daughter, Happie Patricia.

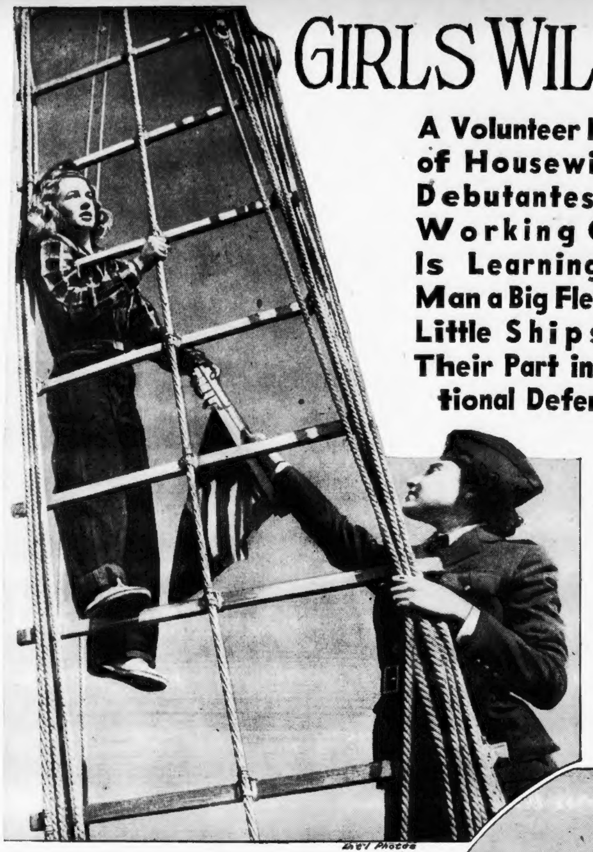
In 1936, Joe was divorced, and seldom did the blase divorce courts in New York receive such a shock, for it was the first time in their history that the usual "unidentified blonde" actually put in an appearance and took the stand.

After Mrs. Ladew had given her testimony, alleging desertion, a tall, willowly witness appeared on the stand. She gave her name as Muriel Kelsey, of East Hartford, Conn., and told how she had met Ladew at the Portland, Conn., yacht yard on July 7th, 1934, and how, five days later she moved into a cottage he had on the grounds.

From then until February, 1935, when Ladew went abroad, she was with him "frequently and often" spending nights at the cottage or on his yacht.

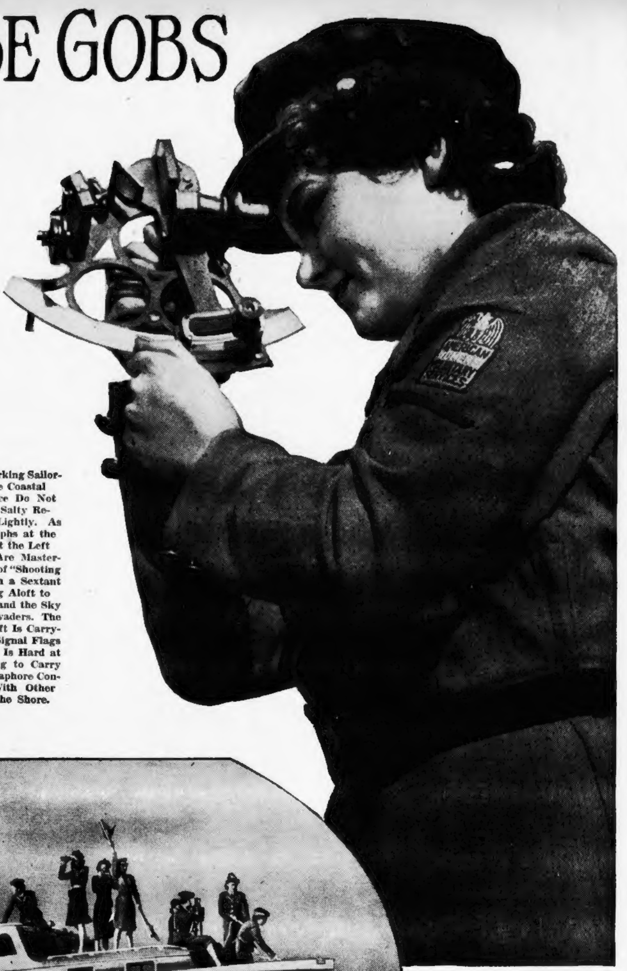
GIRLS WILL BE GOBS

A Volunteer Navy of Housewives, Debutantes and Working Girls Is Learning to Man a Big Fleet of Little Ships As Their Part in National Defense



Int'l Photos

The Hard-Working Sailorettes of the Coastal Patrol Service Do Not Take Their Salty Responsibilities Lightly. As the Photographs at the Right and at the Left Show, They Are Mastering the Trick of "Shooting the Sun" With a Sextant and of Going Aloft to Scan the Sea and the Sky for Enemy Invaders. The Girl at the Left Is Carrying a Set of Signal Flags With Her and Is Hard at Work Learning to Carry On Silent Semaphore Conversations With Other Boats and the Shore.



OF THE thousands of American women who are doing something useful in the tremendous job of civilian defense, none have a saltier time of it than the maids and matrons who are signing up for what is known as the Coastal Patrol Service.

This service—recently inaugurated in New York with a class of a dozen women ranging from 15 to 39 and including housewives, office workers, socialites and students—is intended, in a way, to be an adjunct of the United States Navy.

The Coastal Patrol Service, now undergoing intensive training under United States Power Squadron Officers, is patterned after a similar organization of women sailors, now operating along the English coast.

The plan of the American Women's Volunteer Service, parent organization, is to gradually enlarge and train the C. P. S. fleet until it is as large and as effective as the sea-going units of British women.

In England, these women seamen have received numerous citations from the British Admiralty for their bravery.

Day and night, in heavy seas and calm, small power boats, completely manned by these girls, are cruising along the chalky coasts, on the lookout for sudden enemy invasion thrusts. Often they rescue Royal Air Force pilots, who have crashed into the channel.

During the evacuation of Dunkerque when hundreds of thousands of British troops were snatched from the jaws of a German trap, English women piloted hundreds of the tiny craft which shuttled through shell and bomb across the English Channel. Many of these girls worked steadily at their ferrying for 72 hours. Some never returned.

The C. P. S. plans to train its personnel for just such emergency tasks as British women have performed. Although America's geographic location calls for a different type of training, there is a tremendous amount of work that can be done by women mariners along our own waterways.

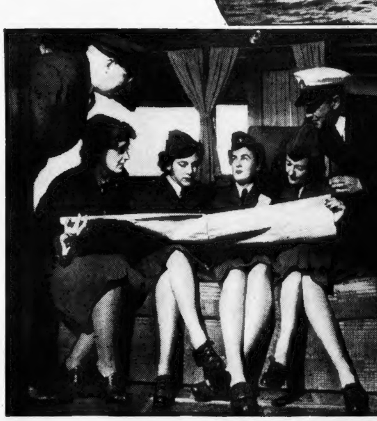
Going to sea with the C. P. S. is no picnic. Hard-boiled instructors dish out the same training that they give ordinary seamen.

Before they are allowed to take positions of responsibility, the women learn chart navigation, piloting, signaling, magnetic and gyro compass readings, first aid at sea, and a hundred and one other tricks of "seamanship."

Privately-owned power boats, requisitioned for that purpose, are used as training ships. A day at sea might find the woman volunteer doing everything from keeping the vessel "shipshape" to "shooting the sun."

The photos on this page show how the girls run through their nautical paces. At present, they're beginners—but a few more weeks of training and they'll be seasoned veterans ready to take their place in America's fast growing defense machine.

The Photograph Below Shows Four Pretty and Snappily Dressed Members of the Coastal Patrol Learning How to Plot a Course at the Hands of Two Capable Instructors—Commander James H. Purdy, Junior, of the U. S. Power Squadron (At the Left), and Commander Lowell D. Beatty of the New York Power Squadron. The Women Are Very Serious About the Science of Navigation.



This Picture of of the Girl Gobs On the Job Was Taken Near City Island, New York.

Cured of Paralysis by a Bomb

THERE is one man in this world—probably the only one—who is grateful for the Nazi air raids on the British Isles. He is 54-year-old William Albert Bowden, of Wingham, England, who was miraculously cured of paralysis by the concussion of an exploding bomb.

Bowden, a former engineman at a salt works, was bedridden for 10 years and physicians held out no hope for his recovery. Then came the sudden air attack. As Bowden lay in bed, the house was shaken by a bomb nearby.

A moment later Bowden felt what he described as a "tap" down his spine. It was the first feeling that he had in the paralyzed parts of his body since he fell ill 10 years ago. Following the slight tap, he was bathed in perspiration.

"I did not say anything about it to my wife," he said, "but the next afternoon I had another experience of this tapping at my spine. It became more frequent and finally felt like pins and needles in my back. Then came the most wonderful moment of all—I could feel movement in my legs. In 10 days I was able to use them again."

Hitch-Hiking For Defense

HITCH-HIKING has been frowned upon by authorities and in some States there are laws forbidding it. But now with the tire-rationing problem becoming more acute, officials are thinking of organizing into regular defense groups.

In Illinois, for instance, State authorities are studying a proposal of Herb Packer of Chicago, who suggests that the State license hitch-hikers just as it licenses motorists. Upon payment of a small fee, maybe 50 cents—and proof of responsibility, the applicant would receive a pennant arm band, designating him or her an "authorized Hitch-Hiker."

The purpose of the plan would be to cut down the number of motorists and yet not interfere with the necessary movement of people to and from defense factories. Packer looks to the day when certain street-corners will be pickup "depots" for the hitch-hikers. Motorists who stopped to let the State-sanctioned thumbers climb aboard would receive five or ten cents, depending on the distance traveled.

Drivers who co-operate in the venture would get windshield stickers identifying them as picker-uppers. The nominal transportation fee, Packer believes, would help many car-owners pay their gas and oil expenses. T. P. Sullivan, the Illinois State Director of Safety, who is studying the plan, believes it has "considerable merit."

Married in Overalls and Rubber Boots

THE salty citizens of Crab Cove, a little fishing village on the rock-bound coast of Maine, don't fritter away much of their time on society doings—but, considering their calm New England temperament, they perked up considerably at the news that Big John Hadlock was going to marry Sue Wilson.

The impending nuptials promised to be something extra-special because Sue and her mother, both mighty handy with the needle, had been working for months on a wedding gown and a whole sea chest full of pretty clothes for the bride-to-be. The folks in Crab Cove had never seen the like of this "tru-so."

Ma Wilson wanted everything to be nice at her daughter's wedding so she had a motherly, but plain, talk with Big John. All his life, since he had grown up, John had worn the same outfit—a suit of overalls, a pair of rubber boots and a weatherbeaten derby hat. Mrs. Wilson wanted to be sure that John would dignify the ceremony with a nice, new suit.

The fisherman said he'd be glad to do that and had figured to do it anyway, what with all the trouble Sue and her mother had gone to, to have the bride look pretty.

Early the next morning Big John got in his motor boat and headed for the mainland. When he came back he had a couple of big bundles under his arm—and Mrs. Wilson breathed easier.

On the day of the wedding the Wilson home, full of neighbors and with the parson ready for business, waited for Big John to show up. He did, in a brand-new outfit—a crisp suit of blue denim overalls, a pair of red rubber boots, unsullied by salt or fish scales, and a derby hat fresh out of the store.

On the Day of the Wedding the Bride and Her Mother Stared in Surprise When the Bridegroom Arrived in His New Outfit—a Suit of Overalls, a Pair of Red Rubber Boots and a Derby Hat.

Grand Opera Slims Down to Realism

Audiences Rocked With Laughter When the Anemic Tenor Rescued the Hefty Heroine From the Burning Building in the Opera "Mignon"—But Those Days Are Past and Now the Metropolitan Mignons Look the Part, Dainty and Youthful.

Culver Service

Gladys Swarthout, Leading Contralto of the Metropolitan, Won Coveted Motion Picture Parts Because of Her Youthful Figure. Her Hollywood Success Forced Her Rivals to Go Easy on the Vitamins and Calories.

Gently Sliding Off the Too Fat Songsters Who Couldn't Possibly Be Consumptive Or Underfed the Classic Song Stage Streamlines Itself—and After 50 Years, Common Sense Makes It More Money

By CHARLES W. GODDARD

GRAND OPERA has become true to life at last and thereby saved its own life. Young people, especially those attending New York's Metropolitan Opera House this season for the first time, are not surprised that they see nothing absurd in the performance. Yet, well they might be, because it took more than half a century of constant siege before common sense was able to storm that citadel of song.

It all began in the years following the depression when the Metropolitan acquired a staggering deficit and a bleak future. The stars got together, pooled their ideas and made a public appeal to music lovers everywhere. Shall opera survive, they asked, or do you want us to close the doors on a great musical achievement?

The public responded with nickels, dimes and dollars—plus ideas.

The ideas were good, many of them, but the opera needed a man who could put them into action. They chose Edward Johnson, a Canadian-American tenor, young, good-looking, progressive, who knew what the masses wanted to hear.

The streamlining began in Mr. Johnson's own life when he discarded the resounding stage-name of Eduardo de Giovanni. He had adopted the Italian equivalent of his name because he thought, and this was true at that time, that Americans preferred foreigners to their own countrymen on the operatic platform.

Mr. Johnson let it be known, first of all, that no singer would be permitted to play a part who didn't look it. No more hefty consumptives or fat dancing girls. Slimness was the order of the day. Opera must be as glamourous as it was cooked up to be.

This year there is no need for a realistic-minded person to shut his eyes during the love scenes because there is no danger that a dowager of 50 years and close to 200 pounds will be singing the role of a maiden in her teens. No longer will a welterweight Samson be vamped by a heavyweight Delilah who looks as if she could arrest him single-handed, even without the Biblical haircut.

Romeo will seem like a young lover and Juliet will not suggest a lady stevedore.

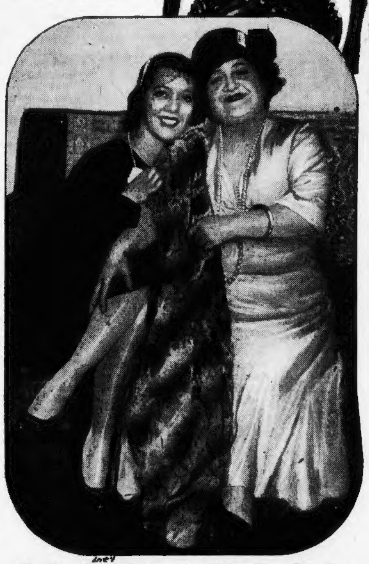
Audiences used to rock with laughter in that scene from the opera "Mignon" when the heroine is rescued from the burning building by her lover. In one instance, a miniature tenor collapsed under the weight of a well-upholstered soprano and other members of the cast had to pull her off the inert body of the leading man. They threatened that next time they would use a block and tackle. But it never happened again, for now the Metropolitan Mignons look the part, dainty and youthful.

Those days have gone forever but they lingered till yesterday. During the fifty years when the rest of the world was moving faster than in any other period of history, grand opera stood stock still.

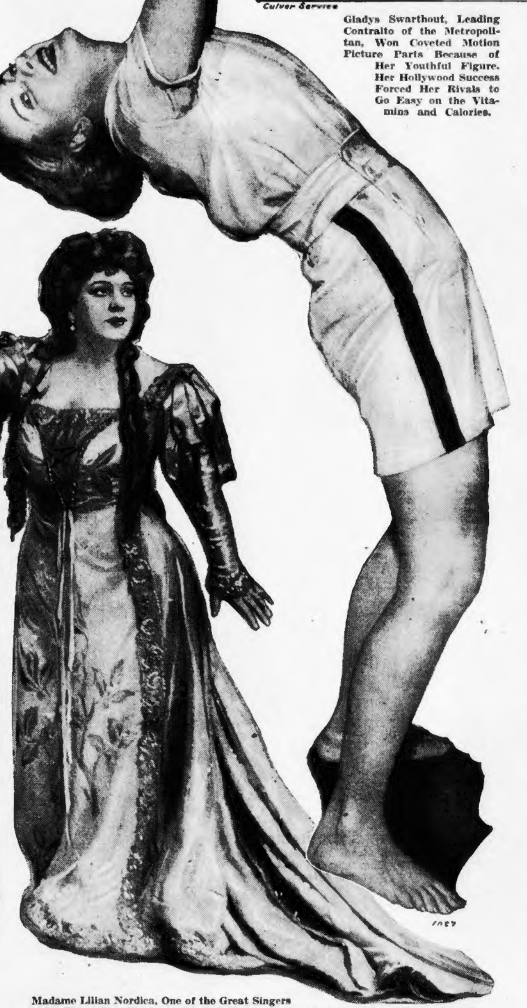
Even in the gay nineties many of our grandpas made bold to protest at ponderous, middle-aged divas thundering around on the stage as a kittenish slip of a girl.

Such gentlemen were quickly and easily silenced. They should know that one went to grand opera not for the acting or the scenery but to enjoy the supreme art of a perfectly-trained voice. No girl or boy could be properly trained for the opera at, say 18, any more than they could be college professors at such an age.

Also, Grandpa was not too fussy about extra-generous feminine upholstery as is proved by the favorite cigarette pictures he collected of burlesque "queens" in their tights. After the war came the great streamline revolution which dethroned every heavyweight beauty in the world except the harem and the grand opera house.



The Old and New Orders at the Metropolitan—Lily Pons With the Late Luisa Tetrazzini, Both World-Famous Coloratura Sopranos, Who Sang the Same Roles But With Widely Different Eye Appeal.



Madame Lilian Nordica, One of the Great Singers of All Time, Was So Heavy That Only Tightly-Laced Corsets Gave Her a Contour. Compare Her With Lovely Helen Jepson Whose Daily Slimming Exercises Have Made Her as Nimble as an Acrobat and Made Her Convincing in the Roles Nordica Used to Sing. But Nordica Couldn't Have Stooped to Pick Up a Pickle in Her Girdles, Corsets and What-Nots.

The dramatic stage, light opera and finally even the harem succumbed but the stalwarts of grand opera stood fast. Cartoonists lampooned the beefy celebrities, critics of both sexes became legion and their arguments were hard to answer, but it seemed to make no impression.

Grand opera went grandly on. Admitting that a finished singer could not be turned out in youth, the complainers wanted to know why they had to put on so much poundage later, while actresses and light-opera singers retained their figures indefinitely.

The new and bigger army of critics was met with a "scientific" defense. A grand-opera voice required great lung-power and these super chargers had to be housed in chests of grand size, which are regular equipment only with broad shoulders and hips of proportionate specifications.

Nature also insisted on filling out a skeleton of such grandeur with adequate amounts of flesh.

The "jewellers' showcases" who sat in the "horseshoe" did not care because they were there not to see but to be seen, but the man in the street did not like it and his women folk did not believe that answer. They had become learned on diet, calories and all that and saw no reason why these vocal aristocrats should be exempt from appetite taxation—and yet, there was a reason.

Though their arguments made no impression, the withdrawal of these kickers as cash customers was felt by the financial backers of the Metropolitan. These suggested as diplomatically as possible to their general manager that he ask his charges not to eat so much.

The answer was a flat refusal and the offer of his resignation, should there be any argument about it. The motion was withdrawn.

The Metropolitan's impresario was no mere musical foreman who could be replaced, but probably the only man in the world at that time able to maintain something like peace and order in the institution.

His name was Giulio Gatti-Casazza which, in Italian, means little house of cats. Thousands of people remarked that his job was governing a huge house of wild cats.

It was common knowledge that the male stars were beyond the powers of ordinary human beings to handle and yet these were like gentle kittens compared with the temperamental prima donnas. The divas knew only one master's voice which would bring them out of their devastating tantrums, that of Signor Gatti-Casazza.

Had Gatti-Casazza resigned he would have left the financial supporters of the Metropolitan in about the same position as the Ringling Brothers would be, if the one and only lion trainer in the world should walk out on them.

Nothing could be done, yet something must be done, unless the financiers were willing to write off even larger deficits. Whenever they tried they ran into a stone wall.

Whenever a singer of youthful lines did manage to get before a Metropolitan audience, there was a burst of spontaneous applause but nothing compared with the ovation when one of the elderly veterans lumbered out onto the stage.

This was due to the claque, a band of paid hand-clappers and "bravo" shouters, controlled by the organization of singers, one of the closest little unions in the world. Mr. Johnson abolished the claque when he became manager. Operatic apprenticeship began in Italy based on the tradition, now exploded, that only there were to be found first-class voice teachers. If anyone wants to be a general or admiral, he goes to West Point or Annapolis. To become a Metropolitan star one went to Italy and studied under one of the accredited teachers.

If the pupil showed promise, the teacher placed him with one of the innumerable Italian opera companies. There he received plenty of work, plenty of opportunity for advancement, plenty of everything but pay, which was neatly scaled down to a bare subsistence.

Many fell by the wayside but the survivors eventually reached the La Scala Opera Company in Milan. Those who made good there were as confident of an invitation to the Metropolitan, as a graduate of West Point that he will receive an officer's commission and nobody can dispute that they were competent for it.

Also then, and only then, would come a satisfactory answer to the question, "When do we eat?"

They would have princely salaries and New York offered the best food in the world. Knowing all that, can anyone blame Gatti-Casazza from not wishing to snatch the meat from the mouths of his ravening lions and lionesses?

When sound pictures arrived and Hollywood hired singing stars, the heavyweight opera singers found it as difficult for a fat one to get into that golden heaven as for the proverbial rich man to get into the other one.

The shock rocked the institution to its foundations. Old stars began to repent, too late, their sins of the table but the youngsters saw a great light and reformed.

Singers like Helen Jepson now exercise strenuously to lop off extra poundage and Helen is as agile as an acrobat. Compare her figure with that of the great Nordica who, if she ever tried a backward roll, would have been impaled on the whalebones of her corset. Lily Pons, too, is an attractively slim young person who has taken over the coloratura roles that Tetrazzini made famous. Tetrazzini was so stout that it is said she couldn't see the conductor over her bosom.

On the other hand, stoutness is sometimes a distinct asset among the males.

Salvatore Baccaloni, the "find" of this season, weighs over 200 pounds and every pound of flesh to him is worth its weight in gold. For Salvatore has brought comedy to the stage of the Metropolitan in his roles in "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Barber of Seville," and "The Marriage of Figaro," all of which call for fat, puffing pompous men.

Lauritz Melchior, tenor star of the Wagnerian operas, is pretty hefty, too, but he needs a lot of muscle to get through the long, strenuous operas which require every ounce of energy.

Among the women singers "big Berthas" are still tolerated in Wagnerian roles, on the excuse that probably the ancient Germans liked their heroines that way, but they are debarred from portraying Violetta.

A lady of that size might be dying of gout or some other unromantic ailment, but only on the radio could an audience imagine her wasting away from consumption.

Many of the other roles have been captured by singers who can step into the movies and back, with the greatest of ease, because Hollywood is planning to film many of the great operas.

Another sign of the operatic revolution is in the names and nationality of the stars.

Instead of being about 80% Italian and German, with a few other foreigners and an occasional American, usually disguised with an Italian name, here are some of the operatic statistics of the moment.

Of the 103 principal singers at the Metropolitan, 80% are American by birth or naturalized citizens. This is true of 27 among the 37 sopranos, 11 among the 13 mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, 18 among the 23 tenors, 14 among the 18 baritones, and 9 among the 12 bassos.

While there are still a few names ending in "nini" or in another vowel sequence to denote foreign birth, there are liberal sprinklings of good, American names.

Among other achievements, Mr. Johnson is strongly behind the movement to Anglicize opera, and he has demonstrated that American voice teachers are as good as any.

There is no reason why the greatest operas of all time are not yet to be written in English and no reason why good American voices cannot sing the roles. Another matter is the translation of the French, German and Italian classics into English.

Words and music are sometimes so perfectly wedded that one cannot be changed without injury to the other.

Think You Were Born Tired?

If You Do, Maybe It's Only a Misguided Thought and It's Really the Wrong Way You Stand and Sit That Wears You Out

By
PHOEBE RADCLIFFE.
Illustrated by
Margaret Brisbine.

EVEN though they didn't start life—from the very first minute—in a worn and very weary condition, a lot of people seem to have wrapped themselves around that thought that they were born tired. They felt all in as soon as they got out of swaddling clothes and were able to waddle around, or sit up and take notice.

And the longer they live the more they are convinced of it.

Tired when they crawl out of bed in the morning—still tired out when they crawl in again at night. No pep—no enthusiasm.

This dragged out feeling—it's true—may be due to bad health. Then the only thing to do is see a doctor.

But most of the time it's just the way a person stands or sits that makes him tired. Then all he needs to do is see a mirror—and stop throwing his body into all those hideous contortions that go against every one of Nature's engineering rules for the human frame.

And now's the time to do it, when an all-out war makes it absolutely necessary that everyone in the nation be as fit as possible.

What you really need, gals and boys, is not to learn how to relax. People are naturally as lazy as they dare be.

What you need is to get good and active.

You who are reading this might as well start right this minute.

You're probably sitting if you're reading, but how are you sitting?

Not like the subway sleeper at the bottom of this page, we hope. He's not really resting but putting a load on his neck and shoulder muscles, to say nothing of a crook in his spine and a cramp in his interior. When he wakes from his forty-winks he'll probably have something like forty tired kinks in his body.

And as for the knitter across the way, her tackling position indicates that she may be all-out for production but her arms and shoulders are going to be all-in long before she's through. She's putting stresses and strains where Nature never intended them to be.

There are other sit-down poses that are just as bad.

Are your feet twined around the chair legs—or each other—in a half-hitch knot; or do you indulge in a "barrel-straddle" sprawl with your lower extremities while you pretend to relax? And where's your spine? Up against the chair back where it should be or half-way down the seat cushion?

You should sit well back in your chair, and on that bit of anatomy Nature gave you to sit on. Your neck and the upper part of your back should not be hunched over the paper, but if you want to bend forward bend from the hips. Feet should rest on the floor—not be wrapped around the furniture.

To be restful, sitting must not be tense and a good idea is to follow the simple recipe given by an old Southern grandmother for a long life.

Her one and only rule throughout the years has been, "When I sits, I sits loose."

Try it and we'll wager you'll sit "rested" too.

The standee positions on this page are even worse—if possible—than those of the sitters.

The question-mark stance at the top defies all the laws of gravity and puts the Leaning Tower of Pisa to shame. No engineer would build such a toppling spire and expect it to stand, and the hollow-chested, protruding-tummy pose make this young thing look and feel like the end of a hard day—when the day has scarcely begun.

The Side-Slip, or dislocated hip attitude of the young lady at the right is not attractive now, and makes everyone weary who looks at her, but it will be worse when she gets older. If she arrives at the office complaining that she never gets rested and is too tired to make the grade, it's not surprising. She's already done an acrobatic day's work holding herself in that pose for a half hour, and ten-to-one she uses a lot of other postures that are just as bad.

When it comes to corporations, we're all agin 'em if they are the tired-businessman variety shown here. If this man would stand straight, and let his back and abdominal muscles work as they should he'd look and feel years younger and his now-crowded lungs would be able to supply his tired body and brain with more oxygen.

Placing his weight properly would rest his feet too.

The studious young lad with the slouch and sprawl is letting himself in for a case of round-shoulders, and lop-sidedness he'll regret all his life, and this poor posture probably makes him feel as lazy as he looks right now.

Nature designed every muscle to do its best job in a certain position and when it's constantly out of line that muscle is as overworked as a ditch-digger on a twelve-hour shift. Naturally it gets tired.

To avoid fatigue, the body should be held in a straight line, with one unit of weight—head, chest, abdomen, etc.—directly above the other. And this body weight should rest firmly on both feet—in equal amount.

Bending the knees slightly makes standing easier and more natural. Chests should be up of course—but not thrown out to such extremes that one looks like a pouter pigeon.

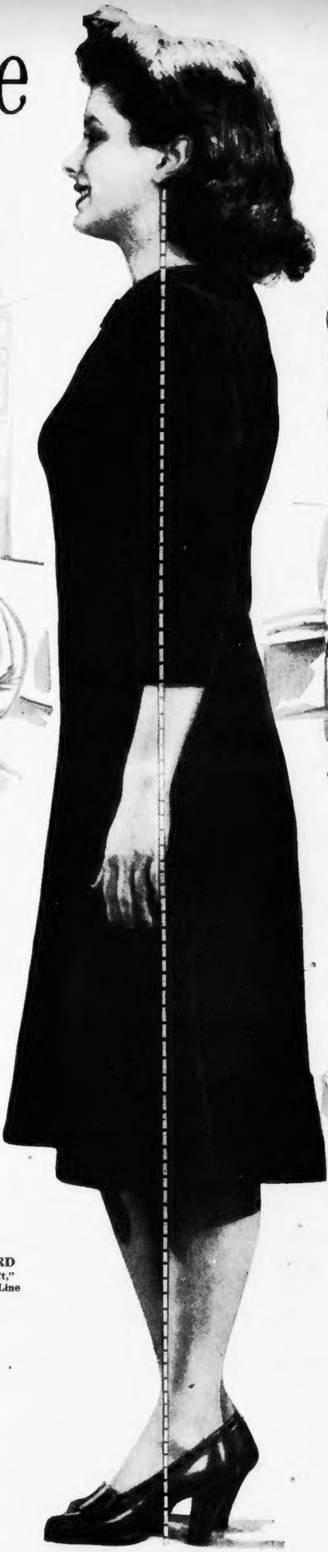
Abdominal muscles should be held firm, but not rigid.

One of the simplest tricks for finding out if you really are "in line" is to imagine that you are suspended by a string, tied to your scalp-lock. This naturally makes the head and back straighten up and arms and legs will relax enough to give the greatest amount of comfort.

Standing—or sitting—tall and well balanced is the secret of good posture. It gives a physical and mental lift that is well worth the effort.

But after a little conscious endeavor the effort disappears and you will adopt the right pose because it really does turn out to be the most comfortable and satisfactory.

QUESTION-MARK?
Too Young to Know Better Perhaps, But No Engineer Could Guarantee Such Stresses and Strains Against Collapse.



STAND TALL
Nature's Engineering Rules Call for a Posture Like This With One Unit of Body Weight Directly Above the Other, and Supported Equally by Both Feet. Slightly Relaxed Knees Make Standing Less Tiresome.

SIDE-SLIP!
Aviators Can Tell You That a Crash Is Due Unless She Gets Out of It.

CORPORATION!
Slumps Over His Desk All Day; Even at the Office Feels As If He Were Carrying the Weight of the World Each Night.

STUDIES TOO HARD
—and Stands Too "Soft," With Everything Out of Line Including Spine.

REST?
He'll Feel More Tired When He Wakes Up, Lifts His Weight Off His Backbone, Digs His Chin Out of His Chest.

TENSION!
She'd Accomplish More and Feel Less Tired If She'd Relax Those Shoulders.

Well, Whadya Know? He IS Mike Romanoff!

Few of His Friends (or Victims) Actually Believed the Smooth Adventurer Was Really a Russian Prince, But Everybody Was Really Surprised When It Turned Out That He Isn't the Brooklyn Pants Presser, as the Wise Guys Had Insisted

The Adaptable "Mister" Romanoff as a Musical Comedy Star, Which Was One of His Few Legitimate Roles.

By LOUIS SOBOL

"PRINCE" MIKE ROMANOFF has roamed enough. As conclusive proof that his bizarre Odyssey is over, the Impulsive Imposter is happy—literally slap-happy—to drop the bogus title of "Prince" for the plain, respectful "Mister"—as a solid American citizen.

With royal impatience, he now awaits his final naturalization papers with which to proclaim to one and all, patrician and peasant alike, that Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitry Obolensky Romanofff actually IS plain, pure and unadulterated Michael Romanoff and a citizen of these United States...and not Harry Gerguson, erstwhile Brooklyn pants presser, as the wise guys would have you believe.

This amazing communique from the Hollywood front concerning Mike's true identity, confirmed by reliable sources, only goes to prove that if you play your calling cards right, a genial, although royal four-flusher can rake in the jackpot of fame and fortune.

The middle-aged, mustached and Oxford accented Munchausen has been noted for his chameleon-like ability to fit an alias into almost every bon-vivant occasion and an alibi to fit every alias.

From as fabulous an existence as you may ever hope to hear of...from the cradle of ultra-luxuriousness and the kennel berth of want, Prince Mike, heir pretender to a world of pretenses, whose idiosyncrasies and passion for the tastes of the monied have proved a constant headache to gendarmerie and chuckling highlight to the wealthy fun-loving... aye, from the role of a carefree, irresponsible career of vagabondage...the Royal Roue has departed.

As Prince of Prevaricators, he has been a man of the moment, but the moments have taken their toll and now he wants all and sundry to know the masquerade is over.

Let it be said for the records, too, that Mike, now the prosperous boniface of one of the cinema capital's most popular cafes, has steadfastly clung to the Romanoff cognomen as his true identity—but his protestations up to current date had been accepted as what appeared to be their two-faced value.

As far back in November, 1939, His Impervious Highness stated in a saloon (and was so recorded by this writer in his daily column) that he was completing his memoirs and that he would prove that his name is truly Michael Romanoff. He murmured then that the Gerguson appellation was a "genuine error."

"I have discovered, too," he confessed, "that I, too, have been in error. The royal blood of the Russian Romanoffs does not course through my veins. My only consolation is now I have my own car, a valet, three months rent paid in advance and a checking account. Like any peasant."

This amazing fellow, whose exploits and hi-jinks could easily fill a dozen heavy tomes, has convincingly played the roles of not only Gerguson and the royal pretender, but also Rockwell Kent, the noted artist; Capt. Chitterin, of the British Army; Arthur Wellesly, Sir Willoughby de Burk, Count and/ or Baron Gladstone, William A. Wellington, Arthur Edward Willoughby and William Rockefeller, among a score of others.

In his Marco Political march to the silks, satins and opulence via the short-cut nobility route, Mike displayed enough brass to end any potential shortage if it could be converted to practical use and national defense.

Prince Mike donned the royal purple to live on velvet...and when occasion called variously represented himself, too, as a banker, pants presser, artist, laborer, scholar, gastronome, soldier, author, actor, movie director, duelist, veteran of the French Foreign Legion, officer in the crack Lancashire regiment, professional host and penman extraordinary.

The gendarmerie of two continents will attest to Mischievous Mike's excellence with the Spencerian art. He papered a path of worthless checks through England, France and the United States but let it be burned into the records that he usually gave warning in advance that funds were lacking—and invariably made good when the flush days came.

The regal cranium purportedly was crammed with lore from such dignified institutions of higher learning as Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Princeton, to hear him tell it, but there is no record that he ever gathered in a sheepskin.

It can be safely deduced that the broader aspects of the Pauper Prince's education were gleaned from jousts with the law and a bent for the lavish life.

Mike's machinations—fortunately for him—generally are considered those of an amiable jester—the work of a Clown Prince rather than a pseudo prince—and those who he enamoured with his charm and personality were really willing and able to pay the piper.

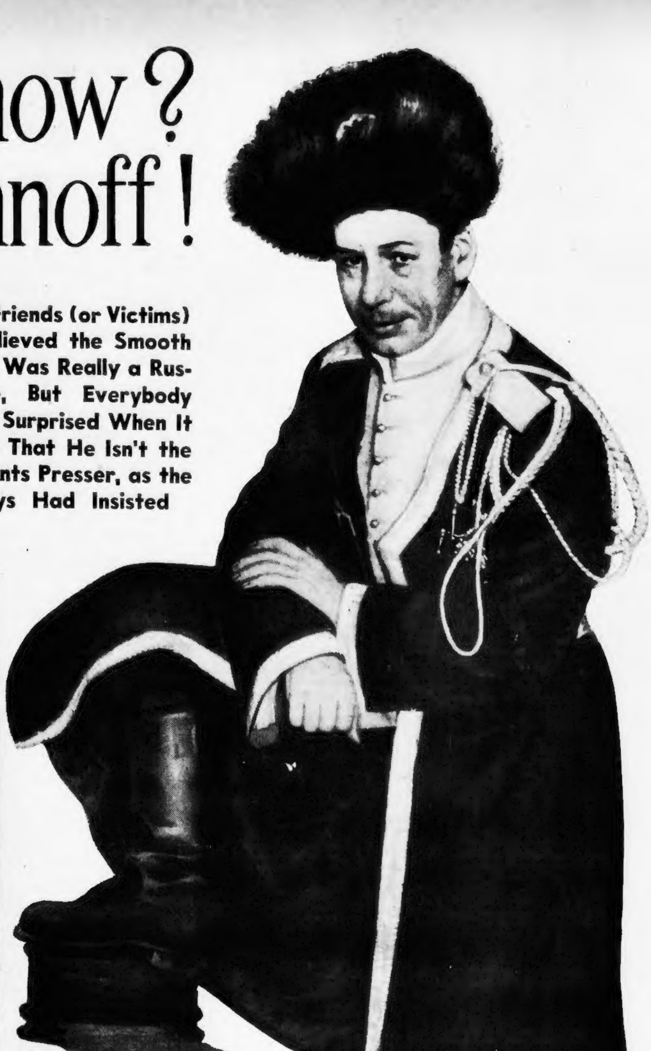
The easiest way out was never matrimony or romance for the debonaire deceiver—at least as far as can be ascertained.

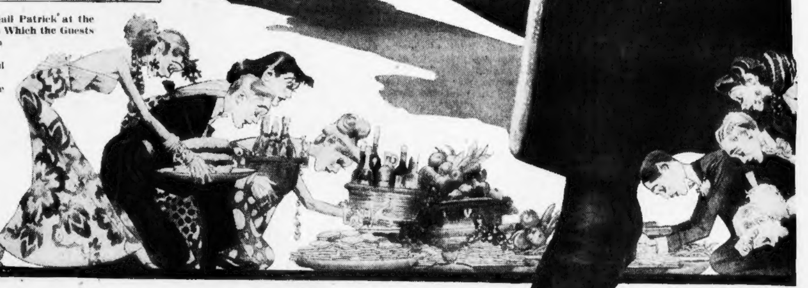
Prince Mike, who was once termed "Public Vagrant No. 1" when he was banished, by court edict, from the Blustery Boulevard to the Wide Open Spaces of the West, has confounded those who were sure he would never relax his principles to engage in legitimate enterprise.

Mike Greeting Gail Patrick at the Famous Party to Which the Guests Were Invited to "Bring Their Own Liquor and Tips for the Servants." Mike Generously Provided the Hall.

On several occasions, the adventurer-poet confided to me of his intense longings for the soil. When visiting the cinema mecca three years ago, Mike wistfully related over a cocktail in Dave Chasen's place:

"Life has been good here in Hollywood—but tomorrow—perhaps next week—perhaps later—I give this all up. I, a Romanoff, shall return to Virginia, where I have the life use of 240 acres outside of Fredericksburg. There I will become a gentleman farmer. I have discovered I am a son of the soil."





"Prince" Mike in the Royal Regalia to Which He Now Insists He Is Not Entitled, Although the Name He Still Modestly Admits Is Actually His Own.

Another amazing facet in the make-up of a versatile genius.

For more than a year now, the Prince, parlaying a modest stake from the citizens of Hollywood, has been the beaming host of a thriving dining rendezvous in Beverly Hills, smart colony of the flicker stars—and the checks that bear his scrawling signature not only are gleefully accepted—but are good!

Among his stockholders are Mark Hellinger, the producer; Jock Whitney, the genial moneybags; Bob Benchley, humorist and actor; Charles Chaplin, Darryl Zanuck, Gene Towne, W. C. Fields, Walter Wanger, who, with other luminaries, receive their dividend checks with the regularity that would do honor to a lad with the most impeccable character and record.

Displaying the plausibility that refreshes, Mike explains these days that he is a Romanoff, actually born in Moscow and that the Harry Gerguson label was pinned upon him in a St. Louis hotel, where he had registered under his royal monicker.

The unbelievable Romanoff, whose reputation had preceded him, was accosted by two belligerents—later identified as detectives—and a reporter from a small town in Illinois, who declared his description fitted precisely that of local boy (who didn't make good) Harry Gerguson.

And Mike, always the artist at Magnificent Deception, particularly when visitors seemed disposed to incarcerate him in durance vile if he denied his resemblance to local talent, readily admitted he was indeed the same Harry Gerguson.

Whether or not the fellows in Washington, D. C., will accept Mike's white-washed version of a White Russian's life is a moot question. The impish imperialist has concocted such glorious fabrications that even that other master of the glib tongue, Baron Munchausen, seems destined to lose his place as the immortal No. 1 tall story teller of all time.

The Prince's genial deceptions are well known on the West Coast where as far back as 1927, the bubble of his princely title was pricked in an expose brought about by Theodore Lodijensky, a former Russian general who found a new career in the picture studios.

Humorist Robert Benchley, One of Romanoff's Backers in the Restaurant Which Paid Actual Dividends.

A decade before registering his own astounding success in the cinema capital, Mike already was enjoying the caviar and champagne of the luminary...as none other than Rockwell Kent, the noted artist. By autographing Kent tomes in a bookstore, the unpredictable Prince pranced the painter's work to unprecedented heights.

As Kent, the irrepressible boulevardier offered to write a foreword and illustrate "A Yankee in Patagonia" for two Hollywood authors. The jubilant scribes excitedly contacted their publishers, a wave of publicity followed, and although Mike's fraud was uncovered, the real Kent actually received the commission for the book.

It is part of the Romanoff legend that his well-upholstered tummy was always filled while his wallet was always empty.

His gastronomical whimsies were stated via the route of an oiled tongue, suave manner, facile hand and handy checkbook for a non-existent account. Typical of the stories recounted about never-at-a-loss-for-an-answer Mike is the yarn of the irate restaurateur who buttonholed the Prince for passing a $50 bouncer several years previous.

"My deah man," softly murmured Mike, arching his imperial brow, "if there is any mistake, it is on your part. I will settle after I have dined and wined here."

Prince Mike then sat down to a repast of succulent delights and champagnes of rare vintages. He offered in settlement, a check for $100 and gracefully bowed out.

The elegant tastes of the Paper Prince indirectly led to his difficulties with Uncle Sam for illegal entry into the country. Immigration officials parked themselves in the rear of one of the most exclusive tobacconists.

Waving a malacca cane, Mike sauntered in and placed an order for pipe tobacco priced at only $10 per pound. Again the bogus nobleman found it a pipe to escape the toils of the law and he convinced Ellis Island officials he would be the very model of honesty and propriety if he were placed on probation.

In 1935, the slight matter of an unpaid hotel bill brought on his official exile from the East and his Main Stem haunts. But Mike's Siberia has turned out to be his salvation.

The cloak of trouble wrapped around Mike as securely as his royal airs, and almost nipped his cafe career in the bud. Just before he launched his eatery enterprise, Romanoff roamed into a bit of liquid celebrating—and was hauled off to the hoosegow for polluted piloting of his chariot. He was saved from the ignominy of staying in the bastile by the intervention of W. C. Fields, who produced $50 for the fine.

The Prince—excuse, "Mister"—Romaroff makes intermittent flying visits to Garish Gotham and the Bistro Belt and he still flourishes with pride checks bearing his name.

"Can you imagine," he exults, "in my restaurant I can now sign a tab—and no questions are asked. A wonderful world."

It may only be illusion, but this reporter fancies he detects, despite the public exultation, a certain subdued quality in Mike as he quaffs his own vodka.

The only conclusion that one can come to in considering the abdication of his Impish Highnness, is to wit:

It is far better to deal them off the arm than to live on the cuff.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

RIDDLE in RED

by Jonathan Stagge

Dr. Westlake Heard Karen Tugging at the Window as the Noise of the Fire Downstairs Became Louder. "The Pane to the Left—It's Open," She Cried, "But What Shall I Do Now?"

"BUT I don't believe it was Oliver," said David Rowley after confiding to Police Inspector Cobb that someone in his firm had speculated with a client's stock. Rowley spoke before me, Dr. Hugh Westlake, of young Oliver Church, in whom Cobb saw the possible murderer of lovely red-haired Norma Hale, Rowley's stepdaughter, and the killer of Albert Williams, taxi driver found dead in Rowley's barn with a gun in his hand. Rowley's information followed identification of the pistol as Oliver's and Cobb's refusal to permit him to marry Norma's red-haired twin sister, Karen.

This dramatic scene climaxed two days of startling episodes in quiet Kenmore to which Rowley and his wife, Persis, divorced from Francis Hale, the twins' father, had just moved with Judge and Mrs. Grace Salter, the latter Mrs. Rowley's sister. Oliver was engaged to Norma. She had told me she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and feared she was going to be murdered in revenge for something terrible she and a friend, Libby Brompton, had done. Libby, found dead months before, had warned Norma that the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to settle with Norma and Karen. A little later I saw Norma gallop up her driveway and topple. Her neck was broken. I saw a yellow taxi slide away in the dark. A wire over the drive convinced Cobb and me that she had been murdered. A hunt started for the taxi driver, Albert Williams. Hale practically accused Persis and Grace of liquidating Norma, and Jimmie Salter, the Judge's son, killed in an accident two years before in order to save their own income which went to the children on marrying or on reaching twenty-five.

The inheritance murder motive faded after the taxi driver, borrowing paper from Dawn, my young daughter during my absence, wrote a note summoning Karen to a meeting. Rowley, Hale, Oliver and I trailed her and found her unconscious in a quarry. She had been hit on the head. The next day the hunted man called on me to have burns dressed but escaped when Judge Salter burst in, denouncing him as Jimmie's murderer.

Karen then revealed the secret of the yellow taxi. She said when engaged to Jimmie, she learned he was making love to Libby. To pay him off, she, Libby and Norma got him drunk, put him in a taxi, gave the driver liquor and told him to take Jimmie to his father, who held him up as a model. The taxi crashed. Jimmie was killed and the driver went to jail. When freed he tried to blackmail Libby, who Karen insisted committed suicide. Then he came to Kenmore. Norma was killed and she herself attacked. It was immediately after I heard this damning evidence that the taxi driver was found dead in the barn near a lighted brazier. Suicide was taken for granted, but Cobb discovered evidence he had been shot in the barn and then dragged to the brazier . He speculated about Oliver, who had found the body and had been in love with Karen while engaged to Norma. Cobb wondered if he was in financial trouble, and had planned both murders for mercenary motives. Meanwhile, I found in the brazier the cartridge missing from the gun.

It was after identification of the gun, and Cobb's refusal to allow Karen and Oliver to marry right away that he asked Rowley about Oliver's money affairs. He then took him to the police station and I told the distracted Karen we thought someone else had used the taxi driver and his taxi in his own murder scheme.

When I got home Cobb phoned that his men had found a cartridge case in the loft, proving the murder. Figuring the slayer would try to recover the cartridge, and hoping to catch him, I slipped into the barn silently, climbed to the loft and saw Karen who was trying to find evidence to prove Oliver innocent. And then a heavy oak door was mysteriously shut and barred, imprisoning us. Had I walked into a trap whose object was to murder Karen? "What's that noise?" cried Karen. It was the crackling of flames. Fire.

And Now Go On With the Story.

XXVII

MY previous deductions should have prepared me for this. After all, fire was the most obvious weapon for the murderer to use. But, as I stood there with the tingling pressure of Karen's hand on my arm, I felt something very close to panic. I thought of the dry stacked hay below and the wooden floors and walls. Fire would spread with lightning speed, and I had seen enough barns burn down in the neighborhood to know that once the flames got out of control virtually nothing could check them.

And here we were, locked in this dark, remote loft—very far from any hope of help from outside.

"He...he locked us in and he's set fire to the barn!" Karen's voice was high and sharp. "It isn't possible. Doctor Westlake, he can't have done it on purpose. He..."

"I'm afraid he both can and did do it on purpose," I said grimly.

Her hand went out in a feeble little gesture toward the door.

"But we've got to get out. Doctor Westlake, we've...somehow we've got to find a way."

There was an unsteady tilt to her voice. I could tell how close she was to losing control.

"You mustn't worry, Karen," I said. "We've got plenty of time before it gets dangerous."

But, even while I spoke, the ominous sound downstairs grew louder, more distinct. It was almost a roar now, a steady, pulsing roar. And in the darkness, I could smell the faint, sour smell of smoke.

"The window," I said. "It's no use trying to open that door. Let's get over to the window. It's our best bet."

"But it's ... it's ... so small. So high up on the wall."

"We'll get through it somehow."

I sounded far calmer than I felt. The murderer's plan was so very obvious now. Karen the last of the Shipton grandchildren, was to die in yet another of those ingeniously contrived "accidents." The barn was far enough from the house for the fire to go unobserved until it would be too late to save her.

No one would suspect her presence there, anyway. Afterwards, there could be so many explanations for the tragedy. Karen had gone to the barn for some purposes of her own and had, perhaps, dropped a cigarette in the tinder-dry hay. Or, better still, a spark of fire had started up again in the brazier which Dr. Westlake had been supposed to put out.

That would be particularly suitable now that I, too, had been thrown, for full measure, onto Karen's funeral pyre.

We moved deeper into the little room. The pungent odor of smoke was stronger. I looked down and, through the thin cracks between the floor boards, I saw a faint, throbbing glow. The fire was spreading even more wildly than I had expected.

Our flashlights revealed the single wobbly chair and the rough blanket-covered bed of straw on which the taxi driver had slept. I aimed my torch up the rear wall to the window. Karen was right about it. It was narrower than I had remembered and much higher up in the gable of the roof. It was divided into two glass panels with a bar in the middle. It was shut, in the bargain, and the boards of the wall beneath it were smooth with no edge or crack to aid any attempt at climbing to the window.

It didn't look promising.

"How can we possibly get to it?" faltered Karen.

I aimed my flashlight around. The chair was low. There was nothing else. Absolutely nothing. I looked up again at the window, gauging the distance. Yes, we might be just able to make it.

"Here," I said. "I'll stand against the wall and you climb on my shoulders. You ought to be able to reach it then and open it. That's something at least."

"Yes, yes, I'll try."

"Take your flashlight. See what sort of a drop it is to the ground."

"All right."

I PUT my own flashlight down on the floor pointing it toward the window. Its foreshortened beam showed Karen's slim legs as she kicked off her shoes. It also revealed a thin curling tendril of grey smoke. Fighting against very gloomy thoughts, I moved through the darkness until I stood by the wall immediately under the window.

I felt Karen's hands on my shoulders. Lightly she pulled herself up until she crouched there. My hands went up, steadying her legs. Quivering, she edged up until she was standing erect.

"Can you reach?"

"Wait a moment. I..." I could feel the change in her balance as she raised her hands above her head. She gave a little excited gasp. "Yes, yes, my fingers just touch the sill. I'll try and get the catch on one of the panes. I... Got it."

I heard her tugging at the window in the darkness. Then there was a creaking and she cried:

"The pane to the left—it's open." And then, helplessly: "But w-what shall I do now. I can't see out. I..."

"Can you pull yourself up by your arms? Then point the flashlight down through the window."

"All right. I'll try, but it's so hard with the flashlight."

The smoke was getting thicker and the noise of fire downstairs seemed to grow louder and louder. To me, standing there, each one of Karen's movements seemed to be in agonizing slow-motion. At last I felt the pressure on my shoulders lighten and then vanish. Karen was up there at the window, hanging by her arms. I could hear a fumbling and then see the vague backglow of the flashlight as she pointed it down out of the window.

She scrambled back onto my shoulders.

"It's impossible," she said brokenly. "Doctor Westlake, there's a snow drift down there, but it's... it's so far away. The drop's so big. We can't make it."

She swung off my shoulders back to the floor. We stood there in that darkness, which already was faintly tinged with the glow of the flames below. Karen's courage, which had been remarkable until that moment, was obviously on the wane. Her hand, groping out to mine, was cold and trembling. She gave a little sob.

"It's no use. We're trapped. Don't you see? We're trapped."

And I, too, began to realize the dreadful impassivity which overwhelming danger so often brings with it. There was no impulse to dash aimlessly around, calling out and beating on the locked door. Nothing like that. Just that cold, numb sensation stealing through me—a paralysis of despair—which was far harder to combat.

If it had not been for Karen's presence and my male responsibility toward her, I might at that one moment have become submerged in that fog of apathy which was as real as the smoke fog which charged the darkness. As it was, I forced my mind to keep along simple, practical lines.

The drop to the ground was too long for safety. Somehow that drop had to be made shorter.

I repeated those two sentences like spoken words in my brain. The crackling of the flames seemed almost to be in the loft with us. Somehow, we...Then, suddenly, the obvious thing struck me. And from that moment I was all right again.

I switched my flashlight onto the straw pallet to our left—the straw pallet piled with blankets.

The blankets, of course.

I ran to the bed, tugging at the blankets. Luckily, they were cheap and then...easier to tie.

"Here, Karen...help me tie them together. We can make a kind of rope."

"Oh, yes, yes."

The thought of it was like a wall suddenly erected between Karen and panic. She was herself again. She ran to my side. With swift fingers she tied the sparse ends of two blankets together. Luckily for us, the murderer when he kept the taxi driver hidden in this frozen loft, had considered his comforts. There were four blankets. I tied my two together. Then I tied them to Karen's. A lot of valuable inches were wasted by the knots, but it was a not inconsiderable rope.

DOWNSTAIRS there was a sudden hollow crash, followed by a heightened roaring of flames. Some integral part of the structure down there must have collapsed. Surely, soon, the blaze would awake the people at Fallowfield. It must...!

I took one last look at the rope in the flashlight's beam, then I ripped off my overcoat and tied one sleeve onto the end. That would add a couple more feet.

"Quick!" Karen's voice was high and tense. Then, with sharp indecision: "But how do we do it? What...?"

"Get up on my shoulders again. You can tie the rope to the bar between the two windows. Then let yourself down."

We scurried over to the window again. With the consciousness of the inferno below, the floor boards seemed suddenly thin as tinfoil to me as I stood once more under the window, bracing myself to receive Karen's weight on my shoulders.

She was up there in no time. I could feel her inching up the wall until she was in a standing position. The smoke was becoming so thick now that my lungs rebelled against it in coughs that racked my whole body. I wanted to shout: "Hurry," but I kept myself in check.

After what seemed like an eternity, Karen called: "I've got the rope tied to the window bar."

"Okay. Then keep a grip on the other end and squeeze out through the window. All you've got to do is to let yourself down. Yell out when you reach the ground so's I can know you're safe."

"All right." There was a pause, then with the sudden anxiety of realization, she added: "But you! What about you? How can you get out? I can only do it because I can stand on your shoulders."

That was something I had hoped she would not think about until she was safely out of the way.

"Don't you bother about me."

"But, Doctor Westlake, I can't do this. You'll never be able to get up to the window alone. I won't let you save me and..."

"Hurry!" I tried to sound bullying. "Get out of that window. That's the only important thing. Then run up to the house and get help.

"But..."

"Get out of that window."

She did not answer. With her voice stopping, the sound of the flames downstairs seemed to fade in like sound effects on a radio program.

"Get out of that window," I said.

I heard her give a weak little sob. Then I could hear fumblings and scramblings. I could see nothing in that thick, smoke-laden darkness.

Then, very softly, I heard: "I'm through the window. I'm...I'm going."

"For heavens sake, treat that rope care-

(Continued on Page 16)

No.3 in The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

The Case of THE PHANTOM KILLER

Extraordinary Detective Work That Ended the 2-Year Hunt for the West's Mysterious Strangler and Avenged the 21 Victims Who Died in the Grip of His Ape-Like Hands

Police Broadcasts Warned Women to Admit No Stranger Into Their Homes as the Sinister Shadow of the "Phantom Strangler" Moved Eastward Leaving Behind a Gruesome Trail of Dead.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

IT was not till late in 1925 that people up and down the Pacific Coast began to wonder if there was any connection in a series of stranglings that had been reported of late as isolated cases. In every instance the murderer escaped unseen. As the victims in all these crimes were old women and economically unimportant, public opinion showed a tendency to dismiss them with a shrug and a: "Too bad, but such things will happen!"

This turned out prophetic. On February 20, 1926, in San Francisco, Miss Clara Newman, sixty years old, was killed in circumstances that sent the first tremors of fear formulating in minds that had been complacent. Miss Newman had lodgings to let and she was found throttled in one of her empty rooms. In the other cases, too, an old woman had lodgings to let and was found strangled in one of her empty rooms, with the murderer vanished.

It was then that people began to murmur of a strangler instead of a number of them. The newspapers called him the Phantom Strangler, but while by definition a phantom is an unreality, these happenings were only too real.

Morton Newman, nephew of the latest victim, had caught a glimpse of a "dark, Oriental-looking stranger with deep-set eyes, black and staring, with changing phosphorescent lights in them like those of a beast," who had inquired about rooms of Mrs. Newman just before she was found dead. The color note in Newman's description seized the imagination and people began to worry about the Dark Strangler, no longer a phantom.

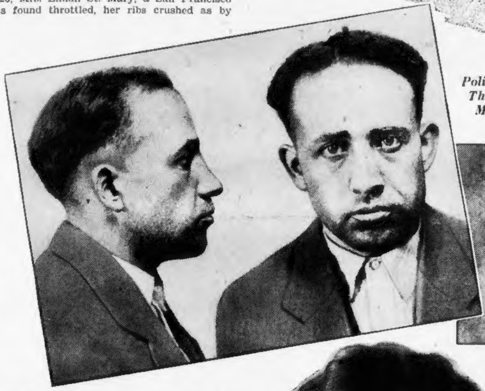
Ten days later in San Jose, California, another woman, also sixty years old and with rooms to rent, was added to the Dark Strangler's record. Fear mounted. But when week after week passed without a sign of him people began to hope that the terror had spent itself.

Then on June 10, 1926, Mrs. Lillian St. Mary, a San Francisco lodging-house keeper, was found throttled, her ribs crushed as by some great ape, in circumstances that unmistakably bore the stamp of the other murders. And to the vague portrait of the killer was added exceptional physical strength. For the indications were that Mrs. St. Mary's ribs broke under the pressure of bare hands.

Now the murderer was spoken of as the Gorilla Man.

In newspaper columns, on the radio, in the minds of many millions a dreadful tally was being kept. It mounted rapidly as he struck in Santa Barbara, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco.

The picture of the killer grew more distinct, for in each there was evidence of the same dark stranger with the glowing eyes, long arms, sinewy hands and shambling walk. In each the same smooth talk, the same mention of church affiliation, the same request for a cheap furnished room.



Bertillon Portrait of Earl Nelson That Verified the One Detectives Had Been Painstakingly Piecing Together for Two Years.

Occasionally he robbed as well as killed.

Unprotected women who rented rooms for a living let them go empty rather than take the risk that death might become the lodger. A frantic public demanded that the police protect them.

A concentrated manhunt was going on up and down the coast for the Phantom, but each time detectives seized suspects—one even confessed—the telegraph wires would flash the story of a new assault, a new rooming house or apartment owner strangled to death in another community fifty, a hundred, three hundred miles away.

Then the Gorilla Man moved east. On December 23rd he appeared in Council Bluffs, Ia., and claimed his twelfth victim, an elderly woman, who had just told a neighbor he looked a nice, quiet young man and she was glad he was going to fill her second floor back.

Four days later Kansas City, Missouri, was thrown into a panic and fury when a young mother was strangled before the eyes of her six-year-old son, who was so terrified he could not utter a word for days after the murder.

The next day in the same city another young mother, Mrs. Marius Harpin, became Victim Fourteen. Her eight-month-old baby was Victim Fifteen, because his wailing annoyed the Phantom.

Kansas City police warned housewives not to open their doors to strangers. Husbands hurried home from work, hardly able to contain themselves till they could see their families. Bands of volunteers patrolled the streets with drawn revolvers.

For three months the Strangler afforded the country not relief so much as suspense before another point on his itinerary was added. Philadelphia. Victim Sixteen was sixty years old, as always a woman. A month later Buffalo, New York, knew the terror. That night the red graph leaped to Detroit.

An editorial writer in Canada, who viewed this country with a jaundiced eye, thus commented on the murders: "It is only in the United States that one finds such insane violence and violent insanity!" At the very hour he was writing these words, William Patterson, an electrician living in Winnipeg, Manitoba, came home to find his two young children playing in front of his house.

"Where's mother?" he asked the older daughter.

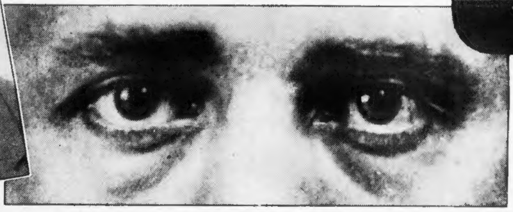
"I don't know, daddy," she said. "There was a big man with funny eyes who came to rent that spare room. Mother went up to show it to him and I haven't seen her since."

Mrs. Emily Patterson of Winnipeg, Canada, Whose Death Finally Put Detectives on the Murderer's Trail.

Patterson called his wife's name, searched the house, inquired of his neighbors; then the whole neighborhood took up the search. Bedtime came and, in his anxiety, Patterson knelt with his two children by their mother's bed, praying that she would rejoin them.

Later he told brokenly what followed. "The window was open and as I prayed I felt the wind. It lifted the bottom of the bedspread. From under the bed a piece of cloth was blown. It was a piece torn from my wife's dress. I looked under the bed—and Emily stared up at me!"

She had been attacked, strangled and beaten to death.



Photograph of Earl Nelson's Unwinking "Killer's Stare." It Was These Black Eyes With Their Strange Changing Phosphorescent Lights Like Those of a Beast, Which Played an Important Part in the "Gorilla Man's" Eventual Capture.

The city was in an uproar. Radio stations broadcast the latest item added to the description of the killer. He had discarded a pepper-and-salt worsted suit and walked off in a whipcord suit belonging to Patterson.

Among those who listened breathlessly was the proprietress of a lodging house who thought of a stranger to whom she had rented one of her rooms several days before and who had not been back since.

She went up and knocked at the door. No answer. She got a neighbor to break it in. The stranger was not there, not an article of his belongings.

But under the bed was the body of a fourteen-year-old girl.

Police from all over Canada and from the United States rushed to Winnipeg. Every pawnshop and clothing store was searched.

Sure enough the whipcord suit the Phantom had stolen from Patterson was found in a second hand shop on Main Street. He sold it there twelve hours before the body of Mrs. Patterson was found. In the same store he bought another suit and a cap.

From there he was traced to a barber shop where he got a shave. When the barber learned who his customer had been he said fervently, "I wish I had known it when I was shaving him!"

From the barber shop this stranger went to another store where he bought a light gray hat with a colored band, and thrust the cap in his pocket.

It took an army of police, working cleverly and at a feverish tempo, to piece all this together, and trace the man to the city limits, where he left a trolley car and began thumbing rides. Several automobilists reported a man answering his description had asked for a lift to Regina, Saskatchewan, 450 miles away.

Police combed that 450 miles but there was no trace of him until three days later when his cap was picked up 24 miles from Regina. This pointed to his presence close by, and an intensive hunt began in Regina.

A storekeeper remembered a customer in the clothes the police described, who had sold the hat with the colored band for 50c and bought overalls, a khaki shirt and a new cap. It looked as though he were planning either a disguise or escape to the wilderness.

An enormous posse made a cordon around the region. The radio kept the most isolated farmer in touch with the hunt. Every highway, crossroad, path and trail had its watchers.

The farmers of a little village in Manitoba, Killarney, saw a stranger wandering about their neighborhood. He did not seem to answer the description of the much wanted murderer, nevertheless they threw him into their little wooden jail and sent word to the police.

Mounties piled into planes and flew to Killarney. They were met by the farmers who led them to the jail. They found the door smashed. The lone keeper of the jail was still unconscious from the blow he got behind the ear. The prisoner was gone.

A special train full of police rushed to Killarney for the kill. Somewhere inside the net they had woven—the man was at large, but the net was now closing.

Mrs. Marius Harpin and Her Baby Son Robert, Kansas City Victims of the Strangler.

The special train pulled in at eight in the morning. A crowd waited on the platform for the regular train which had been sidetracked to let the special through. Police swarmed down the steps.

As they did so a man slipped from the cover of a freight shed platform and swung hurriedly aboard the rear car.

A young Mountie, whose mind carried a vivid image of the portrait the police had built up with such pains and at so great a human cost, turned for a second look at the impatient man. Something about the stranger's vast shoulders, the hunched carriage of the body, the long, dangling arms topped by great biceps, and the talon-like powerful fingers touched a spring in his mind. Improbable of course that a hunted man should be shouldering his hunters aside, but a manhunter must consider even the improbable.

The Mountie put his hand on the man's shoulder. He got a shock. The man who whirled about at him had black, staring eyes that burned like those of a great cat in a jungle night. His long, evil face was contorted. Iron fingers clamped about the young Mountie's throat.

Police closed in. A clubbed gun caught the stranger on the mouth, another between the eyes. He slid to the ground and lay slowly reaching for something with his great fingers, like the last coiling of a scotched snake.

The man, who turned out to be Earl Nelson, the 30-year-old son of an American mother and a Spanish father, was put on trial for the murder of Mrs. Patterson.

But was he the slayer of all those others as well? It was important to establish that so the terror of the Phantom Killer would be lifted from thousands of homes.

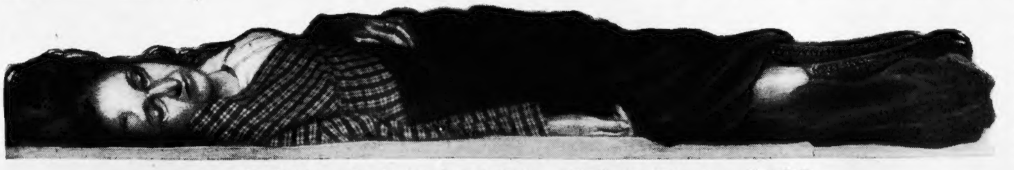
The Phantom had left fingerprints at the scene of two of his kills. Science had also photographed and measured his footprints. There was no doubt of his guilt.

Beside that, he was identified as the man who had taken several of the rooms where the bodies of victims had been later found.

Nelson sat impassive, staring at each witness. Once he laughed, and the sound made the courtroom shiver. What did he laugh at? A woman had spilled a bag of nuts on the floor and in trying to recover them went sprawling in the aisle.

The jury found him guilty and he was hanged in the Winnipeg jail yard.

If there is a further judgment beyond the grave, the souls of at least twenty-one women will be waiting to bear testimony against him.



Mrs. Lillian St. Mary, of San Francisco, Found Strangled, and With Her Ribs Crushed as by a Giant Gorilla.

RIDI
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Men, Worse
Settlers Wro

"Calamity Jane" Canary, Indian Scout, Two-Fisted Drinker, Gun-Woman, Pal of "Wild Bill" Hickok, and One of the Most Remarkable Characters the West Ever Produced.

"As 'Wild Bill' Hickok Picked Up His Cards, Jack McCall Left the Bar and Sauntered Toward Him. Three Feet Away, the Gambler Jerked Out a Pistol and Fired a Bullet Into the Back of 'Wild Bill's' Head, and the Greatest Gunfighter of Them All Fell Forward Over the Table.

"He Died Instantly, But When They Lifted Him Up His Right Hand Was Gripped Tightly Around the Butt of His Pistol. From the Habit of a Lifetime He Had Gone for His Gun—Even in Death."

"Jack McCall Ducked Into a Butcher Shop and 'Calamity Jane' a Pack of Men In After Him.

"'That's Him!' She Cried, Pointing. 'That's th' Damn Coward Shot Bill!'

"Held Under the Aim of a Dozen Guns, the Gambler Was Kept nered Until Deputy Johnnie Manning Came to Arrest Him."

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the gruelling 2,000 miles of wild and wooly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gun-fighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng
And the friends he loved the best.

Hell is full of men like McCall
And if Bill is above today
The Almighty will have enough to do
To keep him from going away—
That is, from making a little scout
To the murderers' home below!
And if old Peter will let him out,
He can clean out the place, I know.

—By Capt. Jack Crawford,
The Poet Scout.

CHAPTER V.

"Wild Bill" Hickok and "Calamity Jane."

NOBODY was better known in the days when we were trying to put a halter on the Old West than Wild Bill Hickok.

First time I crossed his trail was while driving longhorn herds into Kansas from Texas. He was double-barreled death on cowboys looking for a little fun.

Earlier, Wild Bill had worked for the Overland stage. He was a stock-tender at the Rock Creek, Nebraska, station where he put on a single-handed shooting scrap that's an epic in Pony Express history. Then he became marshal at Hays and Abilene, when those towns were the end of the cattle trails—hells on the rolling prairies.

A marshal sure had his hands full in those days. A bunch of trail-weary cowhands made a pretty mean outfit to handle when they rode into a town with pistols blazing and lariats swinging, to celebrate. There usually was one or two dead before Wild Bill sobered them up.

I hit his stamping grounds the last time at Deadwood, in the bad lands of Dakota. I never was much of a booster for Wild Bill, like a lot of fellows. He wasn't quite my kind. He was just a little too quick on the trigger to suit me.

But whether you liked Wild Bill or not he was one of the great figures of the days when men were fighting and dying to get the West "saddle broke." A more deadly man with a six-shooter never lived. Nobody ever knew just how many men he killed, but it was more than fifty, not counting Indians.

Wild Bill Hickok was just a young fellow in his early twenties when the Overland sent him to Rock Creek. He had been in enough fights to get himself a reputation as a dead-shot and was just the kind of a man for the job. The country was full of renegade whites. Horse thieves were running off the Overland stock. Hickok wasn't told to kill anybody. He was just told to take care of things.

Bad blood soon developed between Wild Bill and a bunch of settlers. The McCanles family had homesteaded a couple of places along Rock Creek. David McCanles, the head of the clan, was a hard-bitten Southerner. He and Wild Bill didn't hit it off at all.

Hickok was a handsome scamp, but he had a sort of over-hanging lip which he covered up in later years by letting his mustache grow over it. McCanles dubbed him "Duck Bill" because of that funny lip. That didn't set very good with the youngster, but McCanles was an older man and didn't care whether the young stock-tender liked it or not.

McCanles had been there before the Pony Express and figured he was sort of head man in that neck of the woods. The Overland bought a chunk of his land for an Express station. Payments were slow coming in for it and McCanles blamed Hickok and Horace Wellman, another Overland employe at Rock Creek, for not getting his money. That argument didn't help feelings any.

One day McCanles, backed up by his nephew, James Woods, and another man, named Gordon, went to the station to try to get some money. Wild Bill was there with Mrs. Wellman when the men walked up. McCanles didn't chew his words. Something was said that set off the fireworks. Hickok started shooting.

When he blew the smoke out of his pistols a few minutes later the three men were dead.

That was the McCanles side of the story. I know a lot of old-timers who swear that's what happened. They don't give Wild Bill much credit.

Hickok's story was a lot different. He claimed McCanles was the head of a gang of outlaws who were raising merry hell around the Rock Creek country. He pegged McCanles as a big bully and said he was always bragging about what he could do.

One day the two of them had a little target practice. Wild Bill shot rings around McCanles. He could throw a tin can in the air and put every shot in his pistol in it before it hit the ground. Nobody could come close to matching him with a six-shooter.

"Wal, I kin put yuh down in a rasslin' match," McCanles boasted, according to Bill.

They unbuckled their belts and went at it.

Wild Bill stood over six feet. He wasn't heavy, but he was tough as a bullwhip. The tw men grappled for a minute or two. Then Wild B flopped McCanles to the ground so hard bounced. That made the bad blood worse.

A few days later Hickok was in the Expre station when he looked out and saw a gang of eig or ten men, headed by his enemy, surrounding th cabin. Some of them were eyeing the horses the corral.

As the men moved in on the station Wild B got set for them. His first blast dropped McCanl as he stepped in the door. Three more went dow under his blazing fire before the rest of the gan leaped over the pile of dead bodies and rushed hi

"Two of 'em fired at me," Wild Bill said. "T room was full of smoke. Two got in close to m I knocked one down with my fist. Th' other thr crowded me onto th' bed. I fought hard. I grabbe one man's arm and broke it with my hand. Befo I could get to my feet I was struck across th breast with the stock of a rifle.

"I felt th' blood rushing out of my nose an mouth. Then I got ugly. I got hold of a knife an then it was all cloudy like. I was wild. I struc savage blows, following th' devils up from one sid of th' room to th' other, striking an' slashing 'til knew every one was dead."

Whether Wild Bill killed three men trying collect money due them as the McCanleses said, whether he shot and slashed a bunch of outlaws death, defending company property, nobody ev knew for sure.

Every time I heard the story told around campfire it was different, but one thing was sur Nobody ever called Hickok "Duck Bill" again. H was "Wild Bill" from that day on.

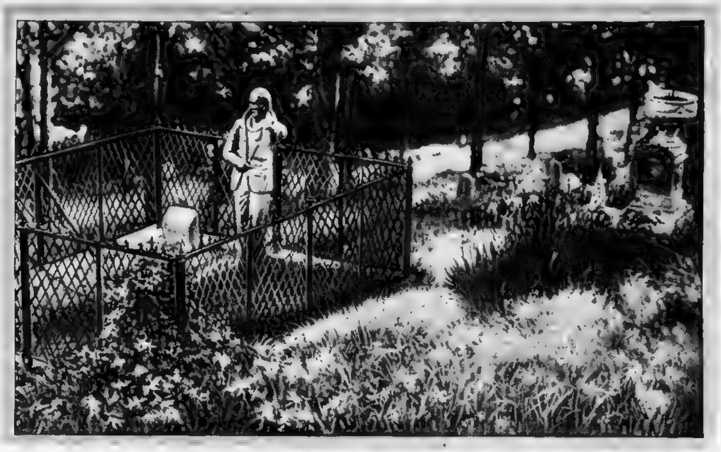
I got to know a lot about Wild Bill's straigh shooting, hard-drinking, poker-playing days his later years. He left the Overland to join up wit the Union forces in the Civil War when the Mis souri-Kansas border was a bloody battlegroun

Amusing Old Sketch Made by a Local Artist at the Scene and Showing "Wild Bill's" Fight With the Cavalrymen in Front of Paddy Welch's Saloon in Hays City, Kansas, Where He Was Marshal. Bill Had to Hide in a Friend's Barn for Several Weeks Until His Wounds Healed and the Army Cooled Off.

' TRAIL BACK
D WILD WEST

d Scout Murphy

ng Tales Told From Memory by One of vors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad idians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets



Enclosed Burial Plot in Deadwood's "Boot Hill" Where "Wild Bill" Hickok's Body Lies. The Urn at the Right Marks the Grave of "Calamity Jane," Who Died 27 Years to the Day After "Wild Bill" Was Shot. Old-Timers Figure That Was "Calamity's" Own Idea.

He was a spy and a sharp-shooter and a good one.

After the war was over he came back to the Nebraska country and went to scouting for the Government troopers chasing Indians. Wild Bill was scout for one command and Buffalo Bill was chief scout for another outfit.

The Cheyennes, led by old Chief Black Kettle, were on the warpath. The soldiers went after them and finally cornered the redskins along the Washita River in the Indian Territory. In the fight that followed Wild Bill got a poisoned arrow through his leg. That laid him up for quite a while.

By the time he recovered, the big cattle drives from Texas were in full swing and Kansas was overrun with as tough a bunch of renegades as the West saw any place. I know a lot of Quantrell's men who scattered all through the western country after the war. They didn't dare show up where there was any law. A good many of them wound up on the end of a rope.

The cowmen like myself weren't weaklings either. We were living in a time and place when every hour was a fight for life. Longhorns and Indians tried to kill you. Rivers did their best to drown you. Blizzards would freeze you to death. And most city marshals had the habit of shooting at you.

Wild Bill's next job was a city marshal. Hays City was one of the outlaw towns. The badmen had chased a couple marshals up the creek when Hickok was offered the job.

A fellow called Jack Strawhan had Hays plumb buffaloed when Wild Bill went to work there. Most folks ducked for the cyclone cellars whenever Jack rode into town. He knew Wild Bill's reputation with a six-shooter, but thought he was just as fast on the draw as the new marshal.

Strawhan got drunk one day and headed for Hays.

"Hear they're cleanin' up Hays," he yelled to the first man he saw. "Wal, I'll clean it up fur yuh. An' yur new marshal to boot!"

Strawhan tied his horse to the hitching rack and swaggered into the nearest saloon. Wild Bill was standing at the bar drinking. He let on like he didn't notice the man walking toward the bar, but was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

Ten feet away Strawhan's right hand went for his gun. He was fast, but not fast enough. Before he could whip the gun up to shoot, Wild Bill whirled a pistol out of the special shoulder holsters he carried. There was one shot and badman Strawhan was on the floor with a bullet through his head

"Reckon we better have another round on that," Wild Bill said, turning back to the bar.

It was just a man between drinks to Bill. He hadn't moved except to set down his whisky glass and pull a six-shooter.

Killing one gun-fighter didn't ever seem to discourage the rest of them. Maybe it was because so many fellows wanted a reputation for being bad. It seemed like there always was another ready to shoot it out.

About as soon as they had Strawhan under the sod an outlaw named Mulvey decided he'd show the new marshal a thing or two. He got tooted up and started down the middle of the main street. A waving six-shooter in each hand sent everybody digging for cover.

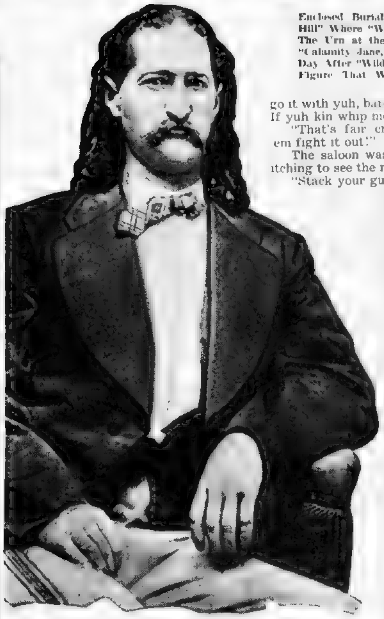
There wasn't a man in sight except Mulvey when Wild Bill stepped out of a doorway.

"Hold on there, stranger," Hickok shouted. "Put them guns up. I'm arrestin' yuh for disturbin' th' peace."

Wild Bill was walking forward slowly, his hands lightly gripping the edge of his coat lapels, just about two inches from the butts of his six-guns.

Mulvey was holding two cocked pistols, dropped right on Wild Bill.

"Yuh're wrong this time, Marshal," he said. "Yuh're comin' with me. I'm holdin' th' winning hand this deal."



"Wild Bill" Hickok, in Spite of His Reputation as a Killer, Was a Careful Dresser and Wore His Hair Long, as Did Most of the Frontier Gun-Fighters. His Mother Named Him James Butler Hickok, But Nobody Remembered That.

Wild Bill was looking squarely into the two muzzles.

"Yes sir, that's a hard pair to beat," he admitted.

The two men stood facing each other at about twenty paces.

"Turn around an' get goin'!" Mulvey said, taking a step forward.

Wild Bill's head and eyes turned just a little to the left to a point at the outlaw's rear.

"Don't shoot, boys," Hickok yelled suddenly. "He's only foolin'."

Mulvey jerked his head quickly to look. It was the last move he ever made. Wild Bill's trick gave him just the split second he needed to pull a pistol and fire one shot.

Wild Bill's shooting was like that of an old-time sheriff they used to tell about. He was taking a badman to the calaboose when he met a friend, who happened to take a look at his pistol.

"Why, Sheriff," the fellow said, "know you only got one ca'tridge in that gun?"

"Yep," the sheriff answered. "Only got one prisoner, ain't I?"

WELL, Wild Bill would go into a fight against most any odds but there was one time when he had to head for the tall timber. That was when he got into a ruckus with a bunch of troopers from the Seventh Cavalry stationed at Fort Hays.

"I didn't hire out to fight the whole army," he explained when some of his friends joshed him about it afterward.

It all started when an army sergeant rode his horse into a Hays saloon.. I've seen that happen when nobody cared, but Wild Bill thought it wasn't any way for a soldier to act.

"I'm gonna have to arrest yuh for disturbin' th' peace," he told the sergeant.

"That so?" The sergeant was pretty cocky. "I've seen a lot o' you tin-horn marshals, but I ain't seen one yet that could arrest me. What do yuh weigh, Long-hair?"

Wild Bill, like Buffalo Bill, always let his hair grow long.

"Jus' a shade over a ton when it comes to a fight," Hickok replied. "Now come along!"

"Tell yuh what I'll do, if yuh're that good. I'll go it with yuh, bare-handed in front of th' saloon If yuh kin whip me I'll go with yuh."

"That's fair enough," someone cried. "Let em fight it out!"

The saloon was full of troopers, all of them itching to see the marshal put in his place.

"Stack your guns on th' bar. That deal suits me." Wild Bill slipped his six-shooters out of their holsters and walked into the street.

He and the sergeant went to it hot and heavy. They swapped blows on a pretty even basis for a little while. Then Wild Bill got in a good swing that knocked the trooper down.

At that point the rest of the soldiers jumped into the scrap. Bill took care of a few of them, but others kept coming, swinging at his head with pistol butts. They were beginning to get the whip hand when the bartender fought his way through the mob with Hickok's guns.

"Look out! He's got a gun!"

Wild Bill let fly and a soldier dropped.

By this time the cavalrymen got their guns into action. The marshal ran for cover, a hail of lead whistling around him. A couple shots struck him, but didn't stop him.

His deadly pistols kept the pursuing soldiers at a safe distance until he reached the Smoky Hill River. He plunged into the cold water and swam to the other side. He was pretty weak from loss of blood but managed to make his way to a hideout at a friend's ranch. Of course, the army men were madder than a nest of yellow jackets. An order went out to find Wild Bill dead or alive. Troopers scoured the country, but found no trace of their man.

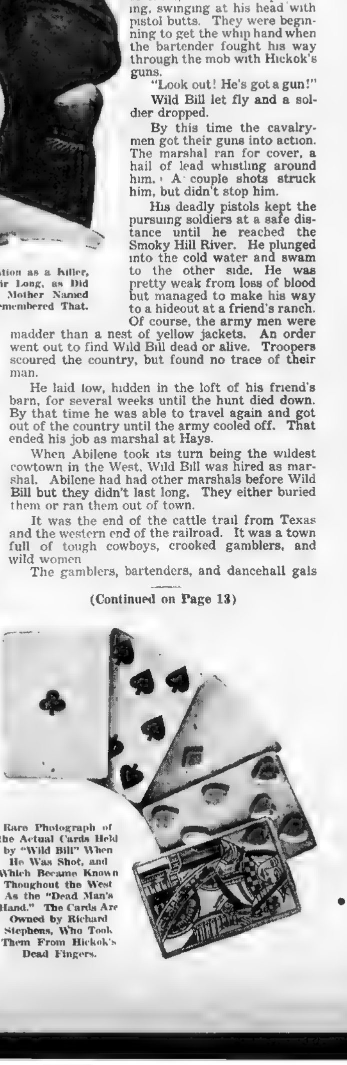
He laid low, hidden in the loft of his friend's barn, for several weeks until the hunt died down. By that time he was able to travel again and got out of the country until the army cooled off. That ended his job as marshal at Hays.

When Abilene took its turn being the wildest cowtown in the West, Wild Bill was hired as marshal. Abilene had had other marshals before Wild Bill but they didn't last long. They either buried them or ran them out of town.

It was the end of the cattle trail from Texas and the western end of the railroad. It was a town full of tough cowboys, crooked gamblers, and wild women

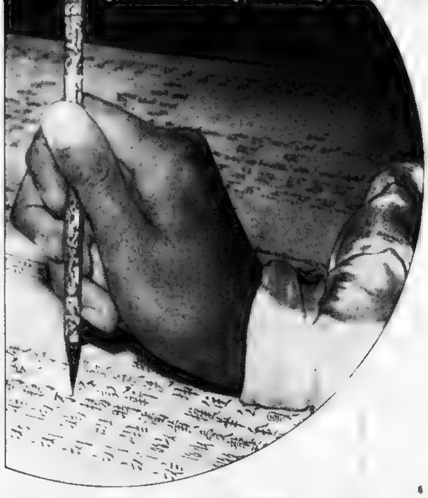
The gamblers, bartenders, and dancehall gals

(Continued on Page 13)



Rare Photograph of the Actual Cards Held by "Wild Bill" When He Was Shot, and Which Became Known Thoughout the West As the "Dead Man's Hand." The Cards Are Owned by Richard Stephens, Who Took Them From Hickok's Dead Fingers.

WHERE THE TELEPHONE BOOK IS HAND PAINTED



The Queer-Looking Characters on the Pages of the Telephone Directory Especially Gotten Out for the Citizens of San Francisco's Chinatown Are Made With a Special Bamboo Brush, as the Photograph at the Left Shows. The Artist Is Lau Chong, a Student at the University of California.

The Photograph Above Shows Lau Chong Lettering One of the 32 Pages Which Make Up the Chinatown Telephone Book. His Grandfather, Also a Graduate of the University of California, Established the Chinese Telephone Exchange in 1894.

"D[illegible]!" If you ever pick up your telephone and hear some sing-song gibberish like the above come crackling over the wire you've got a Chinese telephone operator on the other end asking the Oriental equivalent of "Number, please."

The chances are you'll never bump into a Chinese hello-girl unless you are in the Orient, or a resident of San Francisco. This city boasts a Chinese telephone system almost 50 years old which has 2,500 subscribers.

One of the most unusual things about this unique phone exchange is its hand-painted telephone directory painstakingly drawn for the Chinese customers.

The idea of drawing the pages of the directory was hit upon after the managers of the exchange found that setting such a book in type was practically impossible due to the thousands of ancient and intricate Chinese characters.

So now whenever a new telephone book is about to be issued the company calls in its expert Chinese letterer, Lau Chong, a student at the University of California, in Berkeley.

The book usually runs 32 pages in length. Carefully, Lau Chong, working with a tapered bamboo brush, writes out the names and addresses on long sheets of heavy paper. It takes him approximately two weeks to letter all the sheets.

Lau Chong uses a special Chinese sepia ink, called "mock," which he mixes according to an ancient formula. Lau buys the ink, which comes from the ink-bag of the cuttle fish, in dried form and carefully grinds it in his mortar, later adding the necessary liquid ingredients.

When all 32 pages of the Chinese telephone book have been lettered they are sent to an engraver, who photographs the sheets, and makes metal plates to be run off on modern presses. Each almond-eyed subscriber is sent a copy of the directory.

Lau Chong takes pride in his work and well he should because 48 years of family tradition in the San Francisco 'phone business is behind him. Lau's grandfather, Loo Kum Shu, also a University of California graduate, established the exchange in 1894. And Lau's uncle, Loo Kern, is the present manager of the exchange. His aunt, Florence Chan, is the chief operator.

Grace Lai, who has been with the Chinese exchange for 31 years, is the oldest employe in service. She, together with the other operators, must know five Chinese dialects in order to handle all the calls that come in.

The Chinese are notoriously long winded on the telephone. You don't stand a Chinaman's chance of getting your number if the line you want already is engaged. Chinese telephone users sometimes are active at midnight and, sitting up in bed, call up friends. It does not surprise Chinatown exchange operators to find a conversation, begun at midnight, still humming along at five in the morning.

Tong wars once made life very exciting for the telephone operators. Every member of the staff was subject to call regardless of time, when conflicts arose. The echo of a shot hardly died before every position on the switchboard was filled. Immediately, local and long-distance calls would be made by the thousands to warn relatives in San Francisco's Chinese districts, and in Chinatowns all over the country. But those exciting days are apparently gone. The last tong war was in 1924.

The Picture at the Left Shows One of the Original Hand-Lettered Pages of the Chinese Telephone Directory Compared With the Phone Directory Itself, Which Is Printed From Metal Plates.

Still Worshiping White Animals

SINCE earliest times white animals have held a strong place in the hearts of countless thousands and still do in some [illegible] of the world [illegible].

To this day the white [illegible] is [illegible] of the [illegible] population. In [illegible] parties [illegible] those who would [illegible] white [illegible] little fellows [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]. Dozens of priests [illegible] their worship [illegible] health and [illegible] taxes in their [illegible].

The cult of the white elephant is even stronger in several parts of India, Cambodia, Indo-China, Sumatra, Ennares and southern Ethiopia. A white elephant is merely a few shades lighter than its mates, actually a sickly beast, but its captor, particularly in Abbyssinia, used to be rewarded with money and estates.

And the animal itself is baptised in an elaborate ceremony. In Siam it is ennobled and worshipped as a living god. Women who want children kneel before it, at a respectable distance, and pray. If they can afford such a luxury they induce one of the priests to get the elephant to shower them with a little of its drinking water.

In dynastic times the ancient Egyptians worshiped the sacred white bull Apis. If the animal was in a poor mood business men shut up shop and court adjourned. When the bull was cheerful, caravans started off for far places and merchants completed important deals. When an Apis bull died universal mourning curtailed all activities sometimes for months.

To this day the dwellers on the White Nile no longer worship the white ox with the pomp of their ancestors but a fellah meeting a bull or ox on the road or in the fields will bow low in deep respect. At the birth of a child the local white ox—for a fee—is brought into the hut to bless the new arrival's future.

Natives of the little south Pacific island of Lunare worship a white pig. The animal is kept in a very exclusive sty guarded by members of the witch-doctor's college and life sized wooden figures of white pigs with a humanized head, scattered around the island, are used as altars.

Cola—how everybody loves that taste!

Jell-O has long been eager to give you a cola dessert—a seventh delicious flavor. But Jell-O was never satisfied to make a Cola Jell-O unless it could be perfect. Well, *now it can be* . . . and Cola Jell-O is here!

Refreshing as some strange tart new fruit—sweet without cloying—every sparkling bite just full of *zing!*

Beautiful too—color of dark deep amber, shot with golden lights!

Oh! What it does to fruit! Make it with canned apricots—or peaches—or white grapes—or cherries—or pineapple—or pears . . .

You'll swear you never really appreciated the flavors of any of them before! That cola zip makes them absolutely new and marvelous!

But first—just try it alone! Ask your grocer for the new Cola Jell-O. Give your family the most glorious dessert surprise they've had in years!

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WILD WEST

(Continued from Double Page)

were there to clean the cowmen out of their money. They did all right but a lot of flying lead went with it.

After months of hard days and long nights with a trail herd you couldn't blame a bunch of cowhands much for cutting loose when they hit town and got paid off

It was the regular thing for us to bust into town and shoot it up, riding our horses down the main stem as hard as they'd go, shooting pistols in the air. Nobody hardly ever got hurt doing that and it kept things lively

I was with the bunch the first time cowboys shot up Deadwood. It was quite a night.

When Wild Bill pinned on his star at Abilene he tacked up signs at the edge of town, warning the cowboys to leave their guns behind when they came in The only trouble with the signs was you couldn't read them after the first bunch rode by. They were full of bullet holes.

The Texas cattlemen sort of figured they owned the town. Their business made it. If they wanted to take it apart every few days they couldn't see why anybody should stop them.

Naturally, Wild Bill wasn't very popular with them. Some said he was in cahoots with the gamblers who did a top-hand job of trimming the boys at poker and faro.

Anyway, there was a reward put up one time for anybody who would kill Hickok. A bunch of cowboys rode into Abilene, aiming to collect. They made the rounds of the saloons. One of them got pretty drunk and talked too much.

"We're up hyar to shoot Wild Bill fur bein' so damn meddlesome in other folks' business," he told a fellow drinker he didn't know well enough. The man soon put Wild Bill wise to what was in the wind

"Jus' quietly spread th' word around that I'm goin' to take th' night train for Kansas City," Hickok told him. "Say my pistols ain't workin' right. I'm goin' to get a new pair."

Bill got on the train. Half a dozen of the Texans piled on with the rest of the passengers, figuring there'd be a chance to get the drop on him somewhere along the line.

After the train had been rolling for about an hour Wild Bill strolled back toward the car where the cowboys were sitting. He kicked the door open with his foot and stepped in with a gun in each hand.

"Up with 'em," he hollered.

The men didn't have a chance to draw. Hickok had them covered.

"Back out that door."

Trains in those days had open vestibules.

"Now, yuh got two choices," Wild Bill told them. "Jump off or get shot. I ain't particular which yuh do."

The men knew by the look in Bill's cold, steely eyes that he meant business.

"Start jumpin', or I'll make your choice for yuh."

The first one leaped off the steps of the speeding train. The others followed suit. One broke his neck when he fell. The rest were pretty well busted up, but lived

THAT bunch didn't get Wild Bill, but others tried. One was Wes Hardin, a Texas gunman who put about two dozen men in Boot Hill before he finally went down before a smoking six-shooter as he leaned against the bar in an El Paso saloon. I reckon Hardin was about as near Wild Bill's match with pistols as any man he ever met. Wes knew the marshal's speed, too, so they had a lot of respect for each other.

The first time they met in Abilene, Hardin got the drop on Wild Bill. The marshal told him he'd have to put up his shootin' irons as long as he was in town.

"Not as long as I ken draw first I won't have to." Wes smiled over the barrels of two forty-fours.

Wild Bill backed down

"Yuh're a pretty smart kid" Hickok replied. "I like your spunk. I'll let yuh pack your guns, but yuh're th' only man in Abilene who can Let's have a drink on it"

Hardin put up his weapons and the two killers walked into a bar together

After that they used to carouse around the dancehalls a lot, each one watching for a chance or an excuse to get the other fellow. I never knew a stranger pair than those two deadly enemies trying to play like friends

The most popular place in Abilene with the Texas cowmen was the Bull's Head Saloon. It was run by a couple of Texans, Ben Thompson, a pretty fair hand with a six-shooter himself, and Phil Coe, a gambler.

They were friends of all the boys who came up the cattle trail and didn't have any use for Wild Bill. They figured he had it in for all the Texas crowd Some said the other saloon men and gamblers were prodding Wild Bill on because the Bull's Head was getting most of the cowboy trade

Coe wasn't the gun-fighter Wes Hardin was and Wild Bill knew it. He and Coe had a ruckus or two once over a dancehall gal they both liked. Phil knocked the marshal down. It wasn't much of a job because Wild Bill was pretty near too drunk to stand up

They buried the hatchet over that scrap but Hickok didn't bury it very deep. A few days later a big trail herd came in and Abilene was full of cowboys whooping it up and Coe was right in the middle of it with them

Wild Bill was parading the street that night, figuring trouble was liable to break out at any minute. Most of the boys had stacked their "hog-legs" before they got far into town, but fellows like Coe, who lived there, always packed theirs.

The marshal was in a saloon getting a drink when a gun went off outside. He rushed out. The first man he bumped into was Coe.

"Who shot?" Wild Bill yelled

"I did," Coe said. "Shot a bitin' dog."

"Yuh know shootin's agin' th' law"

With the lightning draw for which he was famous Wild Bill whipped out a pistol and fired. The bullet hit Coe in the belly. It was one time Wild Bill was disgusted with his aim.

"Dammit," he snarled, "I shot too low."

He heard a man running toward him in the dark street. Figuring it was one of Coe's Texas friends he shot. His aim was perfect that time, but he hit the wrong man. He killed one of his best friends, Mike Williams, a deputy coming to help him

As he backed away, Coe, still on his feet, drew, but didn't have enough strength left to pull the trigger. To make sure he didn't Wild Bill pumped another bullet into him. Coe crumpled dead in the street.

WHEN the rail line pushed on west and Dodge City became the end of the cattle trails Abilene soon changed. The gamblers and gals and the rest of the roughs moved on, too. Abilene settled down to be a peaceful town and Wild Bill was out of a job.

He got to spending most of his time drinking and gambling

A few years later they discovered gold up in Deadwood Gulch in the Black Hills. A camp grew up overnight. Like the scene of every other gold rush Deadwood was rough and tough with the gamblers and bartenders running the town

A gambler named Charley Utter, or "Colorado Charley" as most of us knew him, wanted to get a corner on the easy pickings. He needed a marshal to run things his way and he got one when he found Wild Bill, drunk and broke, in Cheyenne. They made a deal. A crooked gambler and a drunken gunfighter came to Deadwood bringing their own brand of law with them.

The set-up didn't suit the plans of Jack McCall, another Deadwood gambler He was no better and probably no worse than Colorado Charley He wanted to be marshal. The one man who stood in his way was Wild Bill.

On the second of August, 1876, Hickok was sitting in a poker game in the Number Ten Saloon, next door to the Bella Union. I reckon he was getting a little careless or maybe he figured he had a charmed life. Anyway, it probably was the only time in his career he wasn't sitting with his back to a wall.

McCall wandered in and bought a drink at the bar. The poker players didn't pay any attention to him. As he sat his glass down he ambled slowly toward the card table, walking straight to the back of Wild Bill's chair.

Three feet away he jerked out a pistol and fired a bullet into the back of Wild Bill's head. It came out his cheek and hit the arm of a man on the other side of the table.

With blood streaming from his mouth Hickok fell face forward over his cards. He died instantly but when they lifted his body from the table his right hand was gripped tightly around the butt of his pistol. He had gone for his guns from habit as life left his body.

McCall just missed being shot by a dead man. The killer ran. In the crowd that took up the chase for him was Calamity Jane. She wasn't in the saloon when Wild Bill was shot but she was there a couple minutes later.

McCall ducked into Shudy's butcher shop. Joe Reese, a man working there, told me Calamity Jane led a pack of men into the shop.

"That's him," Calamity pointed at McCall. "That's th' damn coward that shot Bill."

Held under the aim of a dozen guns, McCall was kept cornered until Deputy Johnnie Manning came to arrest him. He was tried by the miner's court and told a story that Wild Bill had murdered his brother and said he shot to avenge that killing.

The miners swallowed the tale and turned McCall loose. But he wasn't loose long. Uncle Sam's men began checking up. They learned McCall had no brother

He was arrested again and this time was tried by a regular court at Yankton. They found him guilty and hung him

Wild Bill was buried in the graveyard at Deadwood. He had a big funeral and one of his old friends, Captain Jack Crawford, an army scout, wrote a poem about it.

I MET Calamity Jane the first Winter I spent in Deadwood and knew her for many years after that.

Calamity had her faults—but nobody can knock her to me She was one of the best-hearted women I ever knew.

She did get roaring drunk at times. When she went on a tear Deadwood knew it. She would pick up a couple fighters just as tough as she was and make the rounds, whooping and singing and shooting out a few lights for pastime. If you didn't want to

(Continued on Page 14)

Mrs. Cushing Roosevelt says "Such A Help for DRY SKIN!"

"It helps keep my skin looking soft and smooth in spite of bad weather," says Mrs. Cushing Roosevelt about this new cream made especially for dry skin!

New Kind of Cream! If your skin is fine, sensitive, dries easily, creases into little dry lines—then use Pond's NEW Dry Skin Cream.

Delightfully Softer! Smooth it on face, forehead, throat—hands, too. Leave 5 to 15 minutes. Or use as overnight cream. Apply daily – SEE the difference. SEE it help your skin become softer, smoother, more supple—help dry lines show less. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream TODAY—10¢, 28¢, 10¢.

FREE: Write Pond's, Dept. 150-DD, Clinton, Conn., for generous *free* tube.

Offer good in U. S. only

New!

So Effective Because:

1. Contains LANOLIN, very similar to natural skin oil.
2. HOMOGENIZED to help it soak better into dried skin cells.
3. Contains a SPECIAL EMULSIFIER for extra softening help.

SENSATIONAL QUICK-BLENDING

GYRO-MIXER

Mixes gravies and sauces in a jiffy ... without lumps!

offered by the makers of Pabst-ett

FOR ONLY 25¢

with one Pabst-ett top label

- *Not an ordinary mixer. Mixes without lumps*
- *Specially designed so shaking action in hand produces quick, thorough gyro-blend of contents*
- *In colorful, durable plastic—easy to wash*
- *Sides are marked as measuring cup*
- *A score of practical, time-saving uses*

Wonderful news for every one who just can't make gravies and sauces without lumps! Now you can blend flour and water smoothly, perfectly, *every time!* Your new Gyro-Mixer turns the trick.

When you shake the Gyro-Mixer in your hand, its specially designed top, bottom and sides produce a whirling-swirling action inside the mixer. Contents are completely, quickly blended.

It's grand for mixing flour with water in making smooth sauces and gravies—and just as useful in a score of other ways—mixing eggs and milk for scrambled eggs . . . for malted milks and egg nogs . . . for baby formulas . . . and for tomato cocktails.

Order your Gyro-Mixer today. The supply is limited. The Gyro-Mixer is offered for a limited time for only 25c and a Pabst-ett top label simply to induce you to serve more Pabst-ett—the delicious cheese food of 100 uses. Mail the handy order blank below.

And now let me give you my recipe for that "Bunny Surprise" you were so fond of . . .

Just melt a package of Pabst-ett in the top of a double boiler. Add a can of condensed tomato soup gradually, stirring constantly Then add 1 2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 4 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Blend thoroughly. For each portion place a poached egg on two toast triangles and cover with the Pabst-ett—tomato sauce. (Serves 4)

Just Imagine! There are at least 100 delightful ways to serve Pabst-ett—100 ways to give a luscious cheese accent to everyday menus and foods! Every package of Pabst-ett contains a flavor lift for sandwiches, salads, rabbits . . . for soufflés, appetizers, smooth cheese sauces. Remember, Pabst-ett is especially good for children. It's so wholesome, so easy to digest. An excellent source of protein, Vitamin A, Vitamin G, valuable milk sugar and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Order Pabst-ett from your food dealer tomorrow.

Pabst-ett

Spreads like butter at room temperature . . . slices neatly when chilled . . . creams smoothly for sauces without stringing . . . mixes quickly, easily

Send 25¢ and label!

Pabst-ett Corporation
P O Box 1467, Dept W
Chicago

Please send me at once one new type Gyro-Mixer for which I am enclosing 25¢ and 1 Pabst-ett package top label (If more than one Gyro-Mixer is ordered, just send 25¢ and 1 Pabst-ett package top label for each additional Gyro Mixer)

This offer is restricted to the continental limits of the United States and is void and of no value in the States of Washington and Montana, and in any other state, county or municipality where such offers are prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted

Important! If supply lasts, orders for the Gyro-Mixer will be accepted until March 31st. After that, orders accompanied by 50¢ and 1 Pabst-ett top label will be filled, if possible

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Town . . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

This Offer Expires March 31st 1942

Dress Well...

Inexpensively!

MANY women have great success with the patterns that appear in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. These stylish, exclusive patterns are easy to use and give perfect fit — without fussing. Watch for them! You'll like them, too!

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?

SCRATCH YOUR HEAD [illegible] yourself! [illegible] ing th[illegible] let[illegible] W[illegible] famo[illegible] W[illegible] chas[illegible] plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms with[illegible] grease . . .

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of Wildroot-*with-Oil* today! Its safe powerful 3-Action grooms the hair, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT with OIL

3 action

FOR GOOD LOOKING HAIR

Amazingly effective new method of extracting blackheads automatically by vacuum and pressure WITHOUT squeezing the skin or injuring tissues. Operates with three fingers — reaches everywhere. Scientifically designed in plastic and surgical steel

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

[illegible] EXTRACTED BLACKHEADS.

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO.
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1.00 for VACUTEX (Mailed C.O.D. $1.20). If not satisfied, I may return it in one week and $1.00 will be refunded.

NAME

ADDRESS

Facts No Married Woman Should Be Denied

It is every wife's right to know [illegible] facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well being may be at stake. She cannot go by what [illegible] must know. For example [illegible] innocent young w[illegible] over-strong solutions [illegible] douche which can actually burn [illegible] even desensitize delicate t[illegible]

Today such risks are needless [illegible] has given womankind a [illegible] ingly powerful—liquid [illegible] Zonite. So powerful is Zonite it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet! Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts

Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite, Dept. 5[illegible]F, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 13)

pick up a load of lead or get a beer bottle hung over your head it was a good idea to keep out of her way.

Calamity never was much of a hand to talk about her early life. There were lots of stories told and for all Calamity cared you could take your pick.

From the best information I got, she was born in 1852 in Princeton, a little town in Missouri. Her real name was Martha Jane Canary. Her folks moved west and after a couple hitches landed in Blackfoot, Montana when she was in her teens. Her mother died there and a year or so later her father died, too, and Martha Canary was left to shift for herself in the middle of the West when it was the wildest.

It wasn't long before she was making it wilder. She had lots of loves. Like the sailor with a girl in every port, she had a sweetheart in about every frontier camp.

She told me she first came to Deadwood with a freight outfit the year before Wild Bill was killed. She met him there and the two took a great liking to each other. Wild Bill was handsome enough to attract most any woman and he liked her because she wasn't afraid of anything that walked or crawled.

With all of her hell-raising she won a spot in the hearts of the Black Hills' miners in '79 that you couldn't get out with any kind of tale about her. That was the year a smallpox epidemic hit the camp and men were dropping like flies. Everybody able to walk was leaving the place. There were no nurses. Men lay in their cabins dying by the dozens without a soul to give them a hand or even a drink of [illegible]

Martha Canary went to work, going from house to house, taking care of the sick ones. There were no medical supplies so she cooked up her own remedy. She gathered sage leaves and boiled them up for tea. She dosed the whole camp with it and a lot of the men began getting better. Maybe some got up to keep from getting a second dose of the bitter stuff.

"You're a fool," an old doctor told her. "You better pack out of here. You'll just get it and die with the rest."

"Maybe so," she told him, "but somebody's got to take care of these fellers."

A good many died, but a lot of them lived because Martha Canary took care of them, a job that kept her on the go day and night.

When the scourge was over and Deadwood came back to life Martha Canary had won the name by which she became famous, Calamity Jane.

CALAMITY may not have been a beauty by the points they grade 'em on nowadays, but she was a pretty good looker for the Black Hills when I knew her. She was a big woman. She had dark hair and black eyes and was as strong as an ox. Her garb was buckskin breeches and a leather-fringed jacket.

She could ride like a cavalryman and was right at home with a six-horse stagecoach team.

She liked men and a man's company. And she didn't care who knew it. She was more at home cracking a bullwhip with a freighter outfit than she was with a bunch of women. Whether it was a barroom brawl or an Indian scrap she could hold her own with any man, swear as [illegible] as much, or fight as [illegible] of them.

One thing that has been told about her isn't true. She never was a scout for Custer or Crook. I knew all of the scouts in those Indian campaigns. I scouted with the cavalry in Kansas awhile myself and she wasn't one of them.

Calamity could have done the job all right and maybe did some scouting on freighting expeditions, but the army wasn't working any women scouts.

Tough as she was there were some things that rubbed her fur the wrong way. I knew of one time when she breezed into Dodge City a little out of sorts. She headed for the Lady Gay and was standing at the bar when a young cowboy decided to have a little fun with her. He asked her something about her red flannels that wouldn't look very good in print.

Calamity didn't [illegible] anything in words but her six-shooter put a neat row of holes right through the crown of the cowboy's hat. That satisfied his curiosity.

She rambled over most of the West and finally married a fellow named Clinton Burke. Calamity knew a lot of men in her time, but Burke was the only one who ever got her to stand up before a preacher.

They had a little girl. As the youngster grew up I reckon Calamity figured the saloons and dancehalls of the frontier towns weren't quite the place to raise a child.

"WILD BILL" HICKOK AND CALAMITY JANE

Calamity, who had been mother and sweetheart both to a good many men, wanted to send the girl away. She knew her own shortcomings and wanted the kid to have the chance she never had.

So she landed back in Deadwood, not the woman who cracked the bullwhip over a freighter-wagon as her team struggled in the gulch nearly twenty years before, but a mother with a wide-eyed youngster tagging at her boot heels.

Most of the folks Calamity had known were gone. Deadwood had changed a lot but a few familiar landmarks still stood. There was the Green Front Saloon and the Gem that brought back memories of gayer days and some that were sadder.

The old-timers who knew her hailed her with open arms.

"I ain't much of a hand to holler for help," Calamity told them, "but I need it now."

"Call it, Calamity," they told her. "Deadwood owes you enough. What do yuh want?"

"Nothin' for myself. I'd like to do something for my girl. My life ain't th' sort for motherin' a youngster. I'd like to send her off someplace for schoolin'. An' I reckon it'd be a good idea if she forgot her mother."

Some of the boys put their heads together. When they got through palaverin' they sent out word that a benefit was to be staged for Calamity's girl at the Green Front.

Everybody in Deadwood bought a ticket. Some bought a handful and paid a good price. The money rolled in, hundreds of dollars.

The night of the benefit the Green Front was packed. Except for a song or two by a dancehall gal there wasn't much in the way of entertainment, except the bar. That was enough for most of the customers.

When Calamity shuffled in through the crowd a big cheer went up. A couple fellows escorted her into the middle of the room. One of them made a little speech, telling about the lives she saved when smallpox hit the camp. He skipped over the dark spots in her life.

After he got through telling the good things about her he held out a handful of bills, as big as a wagon hub.

"Calamity Jane," he said, "this is our way o' showin' what the bad lands think o' you an' your little girl."

Her speech was short.

"Step up, boys," she shouted. "Collect your thanks at th' bar. The' drinks're on me."

They all lined up and drank her health.

Now Calamity never could see any sense in just one drink. She ordered another round. With her guests bellied up to the bar three deep she was peeling the greenbacks off her roll pretty fast.

Some began arguing with her.

"That money's for your kid. You ain't got no right to be pouring it down your throat like that."

Calamity had the money. She figured what she did with it was her business.

She got roaring drunk and for one night turned Deadwood back to the days of California Jack, Colorado Charley and Bedrock Tom.

But she didn't blow it all. There was enough left when morning came to send her child away, but Deadwood knew Calamity had been to town.

Her child and money gone Calamity dropped from sight again. The years of hard and fast life were beginning to slow her down.

The last time I saw her was at the Exposition in Buffalo. She was there with Buffalo Bill and a troupe of Blackfeet Indians. I was watching their show one day when Calamity spotted me in the crowd.

"Why, thar's an old boy from the Black Hills, Frank Murphy," Calamity yelled. "Come on up here!"

I never was much for getting in the limelight. I ducked into the crowd and got out of sight.

When Deadwood next saw her a few years later it saw a woman who had come back to the place she loved most—to die. Calamity was playing out her last hand and she knew it.

Of all the strange things that happened to this woman, I reckon the strangest was about her death itself. The last of July, 1903, she went to bed and said she knew she wouldn't ever get up.

On August second, exactly twenty-seven years from the day Jack McCall fired a bullet into Wild Bill Hickok's head, Calamity shut her eyes and died. A lot of folks figured that was Calamity's own idea.

Anyway, they took her up on the hillside and put her in a grave just where she'd have wanted it, beside Wild Bill.

The old Gem Theatre was the hub of the merry-go-round of miners, gamblers and hurdy-gurdy gals in Deadwood. The really spectacular drama wasn't played behind the footlights there though, but in front of them, where the real acts were written in lead and blood, with no rehearsals and no encores. Next week I'll tell you about some of them and about Alabama Jane, the battling dancehall gal from Dixie; Poker Alice, the cigar-smoking mystery woman; Madame Moustache, Alice Sterling and some of the other belles of the bad lands.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

The Birthplace of "Wild Bill" Hickok As It Looks Today.

Brown Bros Photo

"Green River" Tom Smith, Marshal of Abilene, Kansas, Who Was Succeeded in Office by "Wild Bill" Hickok.

Your Dreams for Loveliness can come True!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—based on advice of skin specialists!

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet really worked in helping to bring out the loveliness of my skin," says this lovely Camay bride, Mrs. R. G. Johnson, of New Orleans, La.

You, too, may win a lovelier complexion with this thrilling beauty treatment. For like so many women you may be cleansing your skin improperly or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough. Remember, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested.

The Camay Mild Soap Diet is *so* easy. Try it for 30 days. Faithfully, night and morning, give your skin a thorough beauty cleansing with milder Camay. In a very short while, your mirror may reveal a lovelier you.

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tonight—start the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

Dentists Prefer Ipana 2 TO 1 over any other Dentifrice for Personal use!*

Let Ipana and Massage help you to have Firmer Gums, Brighter Teeth, A More Sparkling Smile!

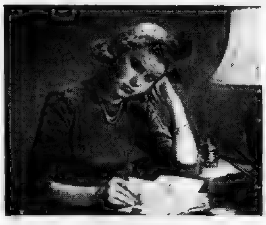
IF YOU HOPE for a lovelier smile—follow the consensus of American dental opinion; choose Ipana! For the latest national survey—conducted among thousands of dentists throughout the country—shows that dentists themselves, for their own personal use, choose: IPANA—by more than 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling, natural brightness but, with massage, to help the health of your gums. Every time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That exhilarating "tang" tells you that circulation is increasing in the gum tissues—helping to make gums firmer, stronger.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Adopt the modern, sensible habit of Ipana and massage as part of your daily dental routine. Help yourself to have firmer, healthier gums, brighter, more sparkling teeth—a smile that is radiant and winning.

**Based on recent national survey conducted among thousands of dentists.*

IPANA *and Massage*

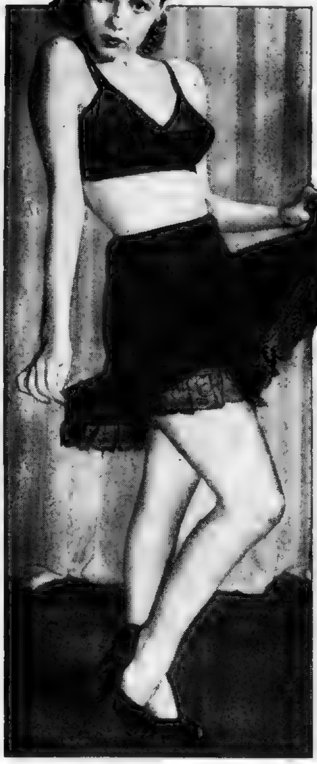


Dora's Date Book is Empty! Once that little date book was a regular Who's Who of eligible yonng men. Now Dora's social life is an empty page. Men turn away when tender gums rob a smile of its sparkle—when teeth grow dull and dingy!

She learns in time! "Here's a beauty lesson, young woman! Our modern foods don't give our gums enough exercise—bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums!" (N.B. So many dentists advise *"the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage!"*)

Dora's happy and popular—now! Dora's pretty, and now she's gay! What girl wouldn't be with the rush she gets—the invitations to parties and dances. Any man would thrill to a smile like hers! For when Dora discovered Ipana and massage she found a way to have a lucky charm—a bright, sparkling smile.

FASHION GOES BACK to BLACK



Many a Modern Miss Has Discovered That There's Nothing Depressing or Funereal About Outfits Like This —on the Contrary.

TIME was and not so long ago, either—when the country's Mrs Grundys raised their eloquent eyebrows at any young woman who went in for black "unmentionables" unless she was a widow and recently bereaved at that.

Just why ebony undies should arouse the suspicion and the ire of anybody is a phenomenon which never has been explained to the satisfaction of the general public or the manufacturers of such attractive and intimate apparel.

But that's the way things were until recently Now, whether Mrs. Grundy likes it or not, nice girls are going in for all sorts of alluring underthings which are as black as a raven's wing

Someone—maybe one of those mysterious arbiters of fashion who seem to have the power to set the styles of the day— seems to have discovered that black is extremely chic and flattering when worn next to firm and youthful flesh.

The photographs on this page seem to bear out that judgment.

The Present Vogue for Black Underthings Has Even Stretched to Include Girdles and Brassieres.

INT'L PHOTOS

If the vogue catches on no fastidious and gently nurtured maid or matron will have to wait until someone in her family expires before she can indulge her yen for black brassieres and so forth instead of frillies colored [illegible]

Made a Rolling Rack For His Crippled Pet

EVERY year thousands of dogs in this country are crippled by accidents. Many of these are mongrel wanderers which are quickly and humanely put out of their misery. Some are family pets that get the best care that a veterinary can give them but become permanently disabled.

Others—like the fortunate dog shown in the photograph below belong to humane and imaginative owners who see to it that the canine cripple doesn't spend the rest of its life being an unhappy shut-in.

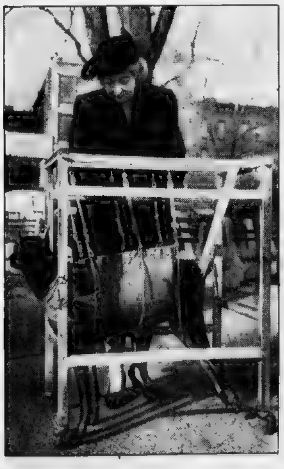
The dog in the photograph is a blue-blooded Dobermann-Pinscher answering to the name of Lady. Not long ago Lady had the bad luck to step in front of an automobile. Her back was fractured.

If she had been a stray dog it is probable that some well-meaning cop would have put her out of her misery by sending a bullet through her head, but her owners—Mr. and Mrs Andre Duvallon, of New York City—rushed her to an able veterinarian who told them that the dog would be unable to use her hind legs for a long time, if ever.

Like most members of her breed, Lady had been an exceptionally active dog and found little comfort in being a bed-ridden invalid, so to speak.

Mr. Duvallon was assured by the dog's doctor that it would be possible for her to get out of doors every day and walk on her front feet, if her body and hind legs were properly supported in some kind of harness.

Mr. Duvallon tackled the job of designing a sort of rolling stroller for Lady—and turned out the ingenious and practical machine shown in the photograph below. It has put Lady back in circulation and she doesn't even seem to miss the use of half her legs.



The Dobermann Pinscher in the Photograph at the Left Had Her Spine Fractured in an Automobile Accident, but a Special Stroller Enabled Her to Take Daily Walks.

Maiden Form ON FOUNDATIONS ASSURES
Triple Satisfaction

First, Maiden Form's brassieres and girdles support and mould perfectly; second, they give you complete ease and comfort plus many months of good, hard wear; third, Maiden Form designs each style for a different figure-type, so you are sure of finding exactly the right garment to suit your needs. Try them—and know the satisfaction that comes from Maiden Form's super-skillful designing, quality materials and master-craftsmanship!

BRASSIERES — $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 up
GIRDLES — $1.00 to $5.00
AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Right—*"Allo-Ette" brassiere for slightly heavier-than-average breasts is shown above with *"Curtsy" girdle No. 1453
Left — *"Allegro" brassiere, created for average bosoms.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Do your share Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

[illegible] Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

TASTES LIKE OLD-FASHIONED SOUP MADE FRESH AT HOME!

Lipton's new Noodle Soup has that rich, slow-simmered chicken-y flavor—with oodles of noodles!

10¢ PACKAGE
ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACKAGE CARTON

LIPTON'S
CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP MIX
CONTAINS CHICKEN FAT
MAKES 4 to 6 SERVINGS
CONTINENTAL FOODS, INC. HOBOKEN, N.J.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

OUR LITTLE SALLY MAKING SOUP?
SURE! ALL SHE HAS TO DO IS EMPTY THE LIPTON ENVELOPE INTO BOILING WATER ... AND COOK IT 7 MINUTES!

So simple a child can make it! And it tastes like real "home" noodle soup that's simmered hours on your stove! All you need is a quart of boiling water ... 7 minutes ... and a 10¢ package of Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix. And m-mm, what soup it makes ... seasoned to a turn, with fresh-cooked noodles and a chicken-y flavor like the real old-time!

COME AND GET IT! THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY... WITH LIPTON'S!

Yes'm! Lipton's makes almost a quart of old-fashioned-tasting noodle soup ... almost one and a half times as much soup as you get from the average can. Keep some packages of Lipton's on hand, and serve it often. It's a money-saver!

WHAT SWELL CHICKEN-Y FLAVOR! HAVEN'T TASTED SOUP LIKE THIS IN YEARS!
AND AREN'T THESE FRESH-COOKED NOODLES GRAND?

LIPTON'S
CONTINENTAL
NOODLE SOUP MIX
MADE BY THE LIPTON TEA PEOPLE

THE ANSWER ISN'T DOUSING!

"Dousing" with water or anything else when you groom your hair robs it of its natural good looks. Instead . . . try the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method (described below). Your hair will be neat all day . . . yet keep its natural lustre!

WANT HANDSOME HAIR?

...THEN CHECK DRY SCALP!

SOMETIMES you can tell you have Dry Scalp because your hair looks dull and lifeless. But often you don't suspect, until falling dandruff and hard-to-manage hair clearly show neglect.

Don't wait. Start now to keep your hair handsome, healthy-looking. Protect yourself against Dry Scalp . . . this quick yet effective way:

(1) EACH MORNING, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic has special properties that are ideal for fighting Dry Scalp.

(2) EACH WEEK, before a shampoo, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. For the sake of your hair and your appearance, buy a bottle today.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

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HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

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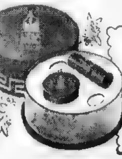

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At last; make-up keyed to your type! In the $1.00 Woodbury Powder box you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. Study the chart to know your type. Then make up for glamour'

(Continued from Page 8)

RIDDLE in RED

fully. Keep your feet against the wall to break your weight. The blankets are none too strong."

"I'll get help." Those were the last words I heard—her voice low and passionate. "Whatever happens, I'll get you out. I'll ..."

The sentence faded. There were dim confused sounds as she lowered herself down out into the darkness. Then there was nothing until, miles away it seemed, I heard her call out.

The signal that she had reached the ground in safety!

I hadn't relished those moments when I was to be alone in that little stifling square of darkness above the rumbling chaos of fire below. But, oddly enough now that the burden of Karen's danger was lifted, now that there was only myself to consider, I felt almost calm. I knew that no help which Karen could bring from outside would be of any use.

Already, behind me, at the far end of the loft room, a tongue of flame was licking through the floor. This was crucially a question of time and there was no time for outside aid. I had to get up that smooth wall to the window. Somehow I had to do that. My sole hope for salvation was summed up in that one sentence ...I had to get up to that window.

As I stood there, coughing, my eyes smarting from the smoke, I thought with a certain grim satisfaction that at least the murderer's plan had been foiled. The entire purpose of this trap had been to kill Karen, the last of the Shipton grandchildren, in a seeming accident. With Karen still alive, all his murderous hopes would go for nothing. And not only that—with Karen alive, the whole plot would be exposed.

By throwing me into the trap at the last moment the murderer had defeated himself. For without me, the plan would almost certainly have worked. Without me and my use as a ladder, Karen would never have reached the window and safety. Without me, Karen might well have been as dead at this moment as if he had put a bullet through her head.

That realization brought not only satisfaction but the extra fillip of determination I needed. No longer was this merely a question of saving myself. By saving myself, I could bring about the complete rout of the murderer. And once I was free, I would not rest until I had my revenge.

The prospect made me oblivious to the smoke, oblivious to the fact that the fire was eating into the floor behind me, oblivious to the fact that, in a matter of minutes, the whole loft would inevitably collapse and plunge down into the sea of flames below.

I was calm, prenaturally calm with an almost superhuman confidence in myself. I moved to the wabbly, ladderback chair. I flashed my torch up for one last look at the window. I placed the chair immediately beneath it. Then, slipping off my shoes, I dropped the flashlight, stepped onto the chair. It quivered under my weight. Gingerly, clutching at the wall above me, I worked up until I was balanced precariously on the top rung of the chair back. I squatted there like a frog. Then, with the delicate balance of a ballet dancer, I began to ease up, centimeter by centimerer, pressed flat against the wall.

At length I was standing upright on the back of the chair, defying, I'm sure, all the major laws of gravity. I lifted my arms from my sides like wings, upwards, until my hands were touching, as high as they could go, above my head. I could hear the flames spattering like hot water drops behind me; the smoke swirled around my head, thick as a turban. I my memory, I gauged the distance which lay between my finger tips and the window sill. It could not be much more than a foot.

I knew what I was going to do was next to impossible. Under normal circumstances I would no more have attempted it than I would have attempted to walk on the waters of the Kenmore Lake. But my monumental self-confidence born of the extremest peril was unshakable.

Perched there, I shifted infinitestimally from foot to foot, gauging my balance. Then, at the exact moment, I gathered myself and sprang upward.

I felt the chair crack and topple away beneath me; I heard it clatter to the floor. For one infinite second I seemed to be poised in thin air. Then the tips of the fingers of my right hand felt the window. I clutched. I felt my fingers tearing. Then they held. My right arm seemed almost jerked out of its socket.

And I was hanging there from the window frame, all my weight sagging from my arm, hanging there in that fantastic darkness which was shot through now with the rosy tinge of the flames.

I SWUNG there, preparing myself for the next and final feat of coordination. Somehow my stockinged feet found purchase against the wall. I swung to the left. My left hand went up.

And miraculously, indeed miraculously, I was clinging to the open window frame with both hands.

It was not hard after that to pull myself up until my face was on a level with the window. The stinging chill of the night air was like a benison after the smoke-stifling atmosphere below me. One of my hands reaching out through the window made contact with the rope of blanket, tied securely to the window bar. I clutched at it. Pushing up against the lintel, I managed to pitch my head and shoulders out of the window. My shoulders squeezed through by the narrowest margin. But they squeezed through.

I have one fantastic impression of looming head foremost above what seemed like a bottomless pit of darkness. Then my left hand found the rope. One final series of undignified wriggles and I was out of the loft, hanging from my hands at the top of the blanket rope. A groaning roar from the loft told me that part at least of the floor had caved in.

But it meant nothing to me now. The drama inherent in the narrowness of my escape held no interest.

I poised there a moment, letting the night air chill me back to coherence. Then I was slipping swiftly down the improvised rope. In my eagerness, I forgot the sound advice I had given Karen. I did nothing to take my weight off the flimsy rope. When I was still some distance from the ground, my hands easing from the last of the blankets to the sleeves of my overcoat, the whole thing capsized. I felt myself tumbling.

I don't know how far I fell. But I fell. There was one second of swishing darkness. Then there was snow everywhere. Snow in my mouth; snow over my head.

I had a vague impression of cold and of icy feet. I had a vague impression of the roaring of flames, of a red, evil light and of a heat which did nothing to warm me.

I had no bearings in the darkness. Then I heard the flutter of hurrying people ahead, heard Karen's voice calling desperately:

"Doctor Westlake! Doctor Westlake!"

I found myself, stupidly, thinking as I floundered in the snow that I wanted a drink. Nothing but a drink could warm me. Nothing.

But I had somewhere in me a vestigial memory of how a gentleman should behave when a lady calls out to him.

With an effort I got my vocal chords under control and shouted through the darkness as I struggled to my feet:

"Here I am!"

Which was more than the truth, since I was only half there.

XXVIII

I GOT my drink. Almost all the inhabitants of Fallowfield seemed to have been aroused by Karen and the fire. I had a dim impression of their various voices chattering around me in the darkness as they guided me back to the house. I have a clearer impression of David Rowley pouring me the much needed shot of rye. Someone, I believe, called the fire station but I was beyond caring what happened or didn't happen to the barn. Someone else had rescued my overcoat from its key position on the improvised rope. I kept it over my shoulders. Rowley found me a pair of his shoes in place of those which I had left behind in my undignified departure from the loft.

They were all madly eager to know just what had happened and why. Even Karen herself had only the shadowiest idea of the motives behind her near-cremation. But I couldn't cope with questions any more. It was very late and my fantastical leap in the barn loft had left me physically and emotionally spent. I swallowed my rye, hedged vaguely and then expressed a firm intention of going home.

Karen came to see me out of the front door. She looked pale but very beautiful. I felt my hand in hers. She squeezed it and said softly:

"I can never be grateful enough. You saved my life." She paused. "And you—tell me, how on earth did you get out of the loft without help?"

I stared back at her rather foolishly. "I shall go on wondering about that myself to my dying day."

I had to retrieve my car from its strategic position up the dirt track leading to the barn. That maneuver exhausted what little energy I had left. I suppose I should have called Cobb, for I had a whole raft of new and crucial material for him. But I did nothing about it. The moment I reached home I tottered wearily up to my room.

As I tugged off a very dishevelled tie and shirt, I happened to notice Dawn's Christmas goldfish who were still swimming gauntly around their various pond weeds, indifferent to the lateness of the hour. I noticed them, not because I shared my daughter's enthusiasm for them, but because a piece of grey notepaper was propped against the aquarium wall.

I moved stupidly across the room and picked up the paper. In my daughter's round, solemn hand, I read:

GOLDFISH ARE NICE. AS ARE SKIS. BUT A SHIP-IN-BOTTLE IS NICE TOO.

The function of this simple literary exercise was not hard, even for my bemused brain, to appreciate. Dawn, splendidly impervious to horror and sudden death, was still thinking exclusively of Christmas. And tomorrow was Christmas Eve, the last shopping day. She was going to get that ship-in-bottle if it killed her—or me!

As I sank into a deep, heavy sleep, two thoughts scampered after each other through my mind like squirrels in a treadmill. Somehow I must get Dawn a ship-in-bottle before Christmas.

(Continued on Page 17)

Ingersoll HELPS KEEP 'EM FLYING!

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Good news for you! It means gentle Ivory Flakes care can help all your nice things stay lovely

THIS EXCITING series of Ivory Flakes test-washings points the way! It's real evidence! Even our bright-eyed Consumer Jury of Salesgirls were amazed! Listen: "It took a careful eye to detect the washed one!" "That sky-blue color hardly shows all that washing!" . . . "Can you imagine! 35 washings and still so beautiful!" . . . "It's Ivory Flakes for me!"

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For Safe washing of fine things...
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LOOK! ONE'S WASHED . . . ONE'S NEW!

Which is which? "Hard to tell the difference" . . . was the opinion of our Jury when they compared the freshness, looks, "hang" of these lacy, lovely nighties by Patricia. The washed one is at right, new one, left. Our Jury, left to right, Florence Charlwood, Polly MacDowell, Constance Sameth, Audrey Westcott. They're all in favor of Ivory Flakes care. Aren't you?

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UNDERWEAR . . . STOCKINGS . . . GLOVES
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advise IVORY FLAKES
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(Continued from Page 16)

Which of Four Suspects Murdered Norma and Also Schemed to Kill Karen?

Somehow I must find the murdered of Norma Hale

I awoke to bright daylight. I opened my eyes. They fell on Dawn's note folded on the bedside table where I had left it the night before

Suddenly, with a clarity which was devastating at that early hour, I realized that the solution to the mystery of Fallowfield was obvious. Why on earth hadn't I grasped it before? I saw just how each little fact fitted. I saw everything. Of course I did.

That was one of the most overwhelming awakenings of my life.

I dressed, feeling a mounting excitement as I reviewed the facts which had moved so unexpectedly into shape while I was asleep. I went down to breakfast. Dawn was presiding there in a very crisp and clean frock. The sight of her increased my enthusiasm for, really, it was owing to her that the solution of the mystery seemed within my reach at last. My morning kiss was more exuberant than usual and she was quick to take full advantage of my good spirits. The conversational obligato to the meal was exclusively Christmas in texture. My daughter contrived to switch all gambits around to a discussion of the admirable habit of making others happy by bestowing gifts.

When we were through, she asked tentatively: "Daddy, can I please spend the morning with the goldfish again?"

"Sure," I said grandiosely, "do anything you like?"

"Oh, thank you." Dawn looked dewy. Then she came out with: "Daddy, it's so lovely to be able to be with the goldfish before Christmas. And yet, when Christmas comes, it'll be kind of sad without a—a surprise."

I kissed her again. "Don't worry. I read your note last night and I took in all its implications—all of them."

There is some slender hope for my daughter's moral regeneration—for she had the decency at that point to blush.

AS SOON as Dawn had retreated upstairs to the delights of the goldfish that looked like Scout Leader Skiffington, I called Inspector Cobb. He had heard of the fire and had already been over to Fallowfield where, naturally he had been able to learn next to nothing about what had actually happened. He admitted, rather bitterly, that Oliver Church had been released from his temporary detention.

"This burning barn business," he said, "happening when Church was right here at the police station, proves once and for all, I guess, that he isn't the guilty party."

"It helps to prove it," I said. "I knew he wasn't guilty long before that."

"Since you know so much," the Inspector said sourly, "you might as well tell me who is guilty."

That gave me the opening for one of the most satisfactory remarks of my career. "Sure," I said with airy nonchalance. "If you feel like dropping around here, I'll give you a full solution."

He came. In almost no time flat, the front door buzzer was ringing and Inspector Cobb was there, covering his confusion with a rather unsuccessful veneer of skepticism. I took him into the living room and gave him a full account of the events of the night before. I handed him the second empty cartridge case I had found in the brazier and pointed out its implications. I told him my reasons for going to the barn and the murderer's obvious intentions in attempting to burn Karen and me alive. Finally, with a flourish, I produced Dawn's note and passed it to him.

"Here," I said, "is the missing link to the whole affair. Dawn's literary effort on Dawn Westlake's personal stationery."

The Inspector stared blankly at the note and scratched his ear. "So your daughter's angling for one of those ships-in-bottles for Christmas," he muttered. Then suddenly, his face lit up in a broad grin. He looked me straight in the face. "So!" he said.

"Exactly," I said. "So!"

He had caught on. For several minutes we discussed the case. Once I had given him the clue, the Inspector arrived at precisely the same conclusions as myself. A hurried visit upstairs with Dawn and the goldfish confirmed things once and for all.

"Well," I said finally, "what do we do now?"

"We go to Fallowfield." The Inspector looked very stern. "And with any luck, we'll come away from Fallowfield—with the murderer of Norma Hale and Albert Williams." He added in a magnificent gesture: "Thanks to you, Westlake."

"Nonsense," I said. "If it's thanks to anyone, it's thanks to—Dawn."

Although the sun was shining it was cold and the snow, blanketing the valley, sparkled with an early morning gaiety. It was suitable weather for Christmas Eve, less suitable for the arrest of a murderer. As we reached Fallowfield, I saw the black, charred ruin of the barn forlorn under the blue sky. That alone seemed in the correct sinister key.

It was Karen who opened the door to us. Oliver was hovering in the hall close behind her. Karen glanced quickly at the Inspector and then at me

"Oh, Doctor Westlake, I'm so glad you've come. Maybe we'll know now exactly what did happen last night."

"That's just what you're going to hear," said Cobb grimly.

Karen's lashes flickered over her green eyes. She turned to Oliver who slipped his hand around her waist

"Doctor Westlake, it is true, what you told me last night, isn't it? The—the Inspector doesn't suspect Oliver any more?"

Oliver's dark, moody face broke into a grin. "If he does, he's going to have a hard time proving how I could have burnt that barn and been in the county jail at the same time"

Cobb shrugged and said: "Don't worry about Mr Church, Miss Hale. Save your worrying for someone who needs it."

Oliver said sharply: "Then you—you mean you've got this business solved"

"You'll hear soon enough." Cobb's impressive gaze settled once again on Karen. "Where are the others, Miss Hale?"

"I believe they're all in the living room."

"Then you'll be good enough to take us to them."

"Why, y-yes."

Rather uncertainly Karen turned back into the hall. Oliver kept close at her side. Inspector Cobb and I followed. I was feeling a little nervous

All the others were there in the living room where the large Christmas tree with its gay decorations made a fruitless bid for seasonal merriment. Mr. and Mrs. Rowley were sitting on a couch at one side of a crackling fire, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, elegant and most [illegible] were sitting opposite them. The [illegible] Mr. [illegible] stood by the [illegible] the [illegible] Karen [illegible] forth [illegible] to the foot of the Christmas tree.

THE Inspector and I were greeted with varying degrees of [illegible] the atmosphere [illegible] uneasiness also.

Only [illegible] seemed [illegible] different. She treated us exactly as if we were neighbors dropping in for an early morning call. She made conversation, [illegible] charm, tossed around a few correct banalities and offered us chairs by the fire.

I saw Karen watching her with growing exasperation. Finally the girl blurted out: "They haven't come here to discuss the weather, Mother. They've come to tell us who murdered Normie and who tried to murder me."

That remark had the effect of a well-[illegible] It [illegible]

[illegible] the others. She [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] desperately [illegible] the truth."

"Yes [illegible] Inspector [illegible] knowing nothing [illegible]

"All right. You'll [illegible] the whole story." [illegible] large hand [illegible] and pulled out his pipe. He thrust it, unlit, between his teeth. It made him seem even more massive and immovable. "I don't wonder some of you have been confused because there've been two quite different things going on here at the same time. Two quite different things that [illegible] which were fused together [illegible] the murder of Norma Hale."

Karen was watching [illegible] His glance [illegible] for an instant

"In the first place," he continued, "there was that [illegible]." He [illegible]. "I'm not going to give you the details of [illegible] Karen. He [illegible] the [illegible] He [illegible] one very [illegible] He [illegible] scared to [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible] tranquility [illegible] another from [illegible] forward to [illegible]

That [illegible] Cobb [illegible] was the first [illegible] The second

(Continued on Page 18)

GOT A COLD?

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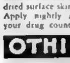

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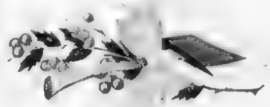

Cherries and Nuts make it a "Carnival Dessert"

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RIDDLE in RED

(Continued from Page 17)

Dr. Westlake Heard Karen Calling His Name As He Floundered in the Snow After His Perilous Drop From the High Window of the Burning Barn.

complication was quite different. Someone, right here in this room, wanted to kill Norma and Karen. That person knew the whole story of the taxi driver, realized he had come to Kenmore to intimidate the girls into giving him money, and decided very cleverly to exploit him in his own [illegible] scheme."

No one spoke. The very fact of their silence after Cobb had virtually accused one of them of murder was sinister. The tension was mounting steadily.

Cobb realized it, I knew. The quietness of his voice was deliberate—to keep that mood of suspense intact.

"Okay," he said. "That was the set-up before Norma's murder. And the whole thing worked as if by blueprint. The murderer knew the taxi driver was following Norma in the [illegible] to soften her up. He knew she would gallop up the drive in panic to get away from him. He stretched that wire between the two locusts and let the taxi driver do the rest. If he'd managed to remove the wire in time, we would probably have thought the whole thing had been an accident. But he was pretty safe even though he failed to remove the wire before Dawn Westlake saw it, because our suspicions turned immediately to the taxi driver. And that was his plan, too. He hoped to have the taxi driver convicted of the crime he himself had committed."

The silence when he stopped was rather excruciating.

"After that," he added, "things went even better than he had expected. The taxi driver happened to have seen him stretch the wire and realized exactly how the murder had been committed. He came here to Fallowfield, hoping to blackmail the murderer. He thought he was being smart, but in fact he was playing straight into the murderer's hands. You see, from the beginning, the murderer had been planning for the taxi driver to be the goat. Now he had him right under his thumb. He stalled him off on the blackmail and kept him hidden in the barn here. During that period he made his first attempt on Karen which he knew would be attributed to the taxi driver. The attempt failed. Even so, he was perfectly safe, as he thought. We were hot on the trail of the taxi driver then, convinced of his guilt. The murderer realized he couldn't risk keeping the taxi driver alive any longer. So he murdered him, tried to make the death look like suicide—and expected us to be satisfied that the case was solved, that the taxi driver had killed Norma, tried to kill Karen, and had taken his own life."

He looked around him at the tense, attentive faces of his listeners.

"But the story didn't end there. And from that moment, the murderer had to improvise. First, of course, he hoped we'd accept the taxi driver's death as a suicide. We didn't. But he'd prepared a second line of defense. He'd used Church's pistol for the crime. If we started suspecting murder, he hoped we'd plump for Oliver Church. I did. Up to that, everything worked all right. But . . ." The Inspector was examining the nails on his large, square fingers . . . "there was still Karen to cope with. So long as Karen was alive, all his schemes went for nothing. And then, last night Karen gave him what seemed like the perfect chance to kill her. She went over to the barn in a crazy attempt to find something that might exonerate Church. The murderer followed her. It was to lock her in the loft and then set fire to the barn. If it had worked, Karen would have died in what seemed like an accidental conflagration—caused maybe by a spark from the brazier. Karen could have been killed, while Oliver could still be accused of Norma's murder." He Shrugged. "That would have brought the whole elaborate murder plot to a brilliantly successful conclusion."

His blue, unwavering gaze shifted to my face. "But the murderer tried to bite off just one more than he could chew. Last night Westlake went to the barn too. Westlake had things figured out by then well enough to send the murderer's plan toppling around his ears. The murderer probably realized that, so he thought up the idea of locking Westlake into the loft too and eliminating him along with Karen. Maybe that seemed fine in theory, but it was disastrous for him in practice.

"Karen couldn't possibly have gotten out of that loft by herself, but with Westlake there she could and did. Westlake got out too. Now they're here to prove that the fire in the barn wasn't an accident at all. And that breaks down the case against Church too since he was with me at the police station when the fire was started." There was an ominous gleam in his eyes. "So that's what happened to the murderer's plan. It went to pieces—the moment he locked Westlake in that loft along with Karen. That is a rough outline of the way things were."

Martha Hale's thin white hand was playing with the jewelry at her throat. Her husband's eyes were fixed on the gaunt Grace Salter and the judge. Persis had picked up her embroidery and was working at it as though to find an antidote for the poisonous anxiety that was gnawing at her. David Rowley sat with arms folded.

It was Karen who finally spoke. Her hand still in Oliver's, her face, under the thick red hair, pale and drawn, she said.

"But, Inspector—this person who did all these things, this person . . . who killed Normie . . . you haven't told us who he is."

"No, Miss Hale I haven't." The unlit pipe shifted slightly in Cobb's mouth. "By now, you know a couple of things about him, though. For example, you know he has to be someone who was familiar with the whole story of you and Norma and Libby Brompton and the taxi driver."

Martha Hale stirred convulsively. Cobb did not look at her.

"I guess," he said, "almost any of them might have found out about that."

"But I . . . I never breathed a word to anyone," said Karen. "Neither did Norma, I'm sure."

"Don't forget Libby," Cobb's eyes did flick to Mrs. Brompton-Hale then. "Maybe Libby told her mother."

"No," Mrs. Hale almost shouted the word. "I know nothing about it. Even now I haven't any idea what this—this thing between the girls and the taxi driver was."

"Maybe you're right," murmured Cobb. "There's plenty of other ways the murderer could have found out about that business. Norma's diary, for example, which Mr. Rowley found for us. If anyone had happened on Norma's diary, hidden in that secret drawer in her desk, they'd have been able to read the whole story."

"Yes," said David Rowley sharply. "Yes, that's right."

"So . . . o" Cobb lingered over the vowel. "That doesn't eliminate any of you. There isn't a person in this room who couldn't have found out about the taxi driver story and exploited it when Albert Williams came to Kenmore."

He paused. "Now there's another thing we know about the murderer. He had to have a motive for wanting Karen and Norma dead before either of them married Church. That narrows things down a little, I think you'll find. There's no need to go into the details of Mr. Shipton's will. You all know that Norma's marriage plans and then Karen's seriously endangered the financial status of the older generation. Mr and Mrs Rowley, Judge and Mrs Salter—the four of you stand to benefit by the death of Norma and Karen. The Hales, on the other hand, have no financial connection with the twins, dead or alive."

"Yes, yes, that's right." Martha Hale was her old sparkling self again. "Francis inherits nothing from the Shipton will."

"Okay." Cobb's jaw, thrusting out, was very grim. "Then you all get that point, I guess. Norma was murdered as the first part of a scheme which was meant to end with Karen's death. The plan wasn't successful, because Karen is still here alive."

"But you have narrowed suspicion down to the four of us." It was Grace Salter who spoke, her voice very tart. "So that's it, is it, Inspector? The Judge, Persis, David—or myself. Hah! This is illuminating. Exactly which of us are you going to accuse?"

(To Be Concluded Next Week)

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A Man Who Gets Paid for Being a Forger

G. W. ELLIS is a supreme master of forgery, but instead of landing in jail he gets paid for it. Give him a pen or pencil and he will copy any signature or other handwriting so perfectly that its own author won't be able to tell the copy from the original.

Mr. Ellis is a law-abiding citizen of Hollywood and is one of the many persons who follow strange professions for the films. He works intermittently, but says the novelty of the work compensates for its uncertainty and irregular hours.

The average movie fan takes it for granted, when he sees the closeup of a hand penning a letter or signing a paper, that the actor who impersonates the character is also doing the writing, but unless the story is one of the present day, or the handwriting is of no particular importance, the writer likely is Mr. Ellis.

The signatures of famous personages of history are too well known to be faked, and in every audience there are a surprising number of persons who instantly spot such inaccuracies and promptly write indignant letters to the studio. To avoid this, Mr Ellis is hired to do the writing.

Ellis has frequently pinch-hit with the pen for Henry the Eighth, Queen Elizabeth, and Francois Villon. One of his most important chores was writing a letter from Abraham Lincoln to Benito Juarez, President of Mexico. This was for an insert of a letter which was flashed on the screen in the motion picture "Juarez." For this same film Ellis also had to write several notes and letters in the clear, strong hand of Maximilian von Hapsburg, Mexico's one-time puppet Emperor. He also signed this monarch's bold signature to a facsimile of the fateful "Black Decree," the bloodiest document ever issued in the Western Hemisphere.

For such dramatically important scenes the camera photographs Mr Ellis' hand in a closeup as he pens the name. He sits with a photostatic copy of the original on the desk in front of him, but out of range of the camera, and does most of these signatures in a single "take," without rehearsal.

Mr. Ellis says his most interesting and most painstaking assignment was when he had to do an insert for a short featurette, "The Declaration of Independance." For this he had to sign the document with a simulation of every one of the original signatures. He says that he found the one of John Hancock the most difficult to forge.

When two famous airmen love a glamour girl

and she tempts fate by telling an emotional lie, something unusual is bound to happen. It does—Romance! Thrills! Adventure! They're all in

MERCY FLIGHT

By H. Vernor Dixon

Don't miss this gripping story, dramatically told and complete in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

MENTHOLATUM IS *Soothing*

to the NOSTRILS

● Are your nostrils irritated and smarting right now? This may be due to dust, soot, or dryness of the atmosphere. Or perhaps it is caused by a cold. In such cases you can get quick relief with Mentholatum. Mentholatum is delightfully soothing. Simply insert it in your nostrils as necessary and the irritation will soon be followed by comfort. Jars or tubes 30¢. For generous free trial size write to Mentholatum Co., 117 Harlan Bldg., Wilmington, Delaware.

MENTHOLATUM

TO WOMEN AFRAID TO DYE GRAY HAIR!

FOR YEARS, women have [illegible] their own [illegible] many [illegible] of dangerous [illegible] fear that dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre and sheen. And fear [illegible] your hair is "dyed"! [illegible] you can buy [illegible] coloring [illegible] guarantee. It [illegible] hair to the [illegible] even your closest [illegible] a harmless hair [illegible] this preparation [illegible] waving or affect the [illegible] It's so easy to use [illegible] can't go wrong! [illegible] Gray Hair Coloring [illegible] used for fifty years in millions of cases, we do not ask you to take our word. Mail this coupon now and we'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a trial kit with [illegible] from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman, [illegible] Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. [illegible] free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name
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Hair OFF FACE—LIPS CHIN—ARMS AND—LEGS!

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept 107, Chicago.

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES *3 ways at same time!*

Get after Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

● A headache disturbs your *nervous system*, with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach*, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Today millions get after headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer, because it acts 3 *ways* at the same time; not only helps *stop pain*, but also *calm nerves* and *settle stomach*. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.* See what a difference it makes!

**Use only as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

BROMO-SELTZER

ARE YOU *denied* *the* ALLURE *of* "FORMALS"

BECAUSE OF

PSORIASIS?

It is a tragedy indeed if you are unable to dress suitably and becomingly because of ugly psoriasis lesions. Wouldn't you try almost anything to see if you could rid yourself of these unsightly disfigurations? Then why not try *SIROIL*—the product that has helped so many others? *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. It is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

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Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

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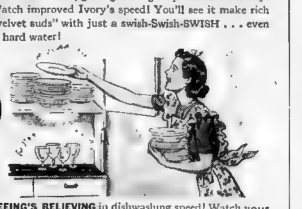
TICK! TOCK! LADY—TAKE IT FROM ME!

YOU DON'T NEED STRONG HARD-ON-HANDS PACKAGE SOAP FOR FAST DISHWASHING! THIS TIME—TRY NEW IVORY...!
YOU SEE? I'M RIGHT! NEW IVORY'S QUICK "VELVET SUDS" CLEAN YOUR DISHES FAST AS STRONGEST PACKAGE SOAPS! THERE—YOU'RE DONE...!
SA-A-AY! THIS IS ALARMING! IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS HER HUBBY'S WHISPERED "—SMOOTH LITTLE HANDS—" TSK, TSK, IVORY!
SPEED DISHWASHING... NO RISK OF "STRONG-SOAP" HANDS!

IT'S A BAD HABIT, getting "strong-soap" hands needlessly! Watch improved Ivory's speed! You'll see it make rich "velvet suds" with just a swish-Swish-SWISH . . . even in hard water!



SEEING'S BELIEVING in dishwashing speed! Watch *your* clock! You'll see that you don't lose a minute with "velvet suds." And you've got to hand it to New Ivory Soap for *another* reason! . . .

LOVELIER HANDS, smoother and softer, will be yours within 12 days after you change to New Ivory . . . It's so *mild* it's baby's own beauty soap. Get several big bars of New Ivory—for economy's sake—right away!

NEW VELVET-SUDS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

How To Buy Upholstered Furniture

By Mrs.
Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

UPHOLSTERED furniture, in which a framework and springs are covered with padding and made outwardly attractive by a textile slip-cover, includes many important pieces seen and enjoyed in every home: The "club" chair, father's "easy-chair," or "lounge armchair"; the divan, the sofa, the love seat, an old-time handsome double seat that is currently popular; the small stuffed boudoir, or, as it used to be called, "slipper chair" of milady's bedroom; the dignified "wing" armchair, so appropriate near a fireplace—these are but a few of the familiar examples of upholstered furniture.

In contrast to pieces in the wood furniture group, where all or almost all the construction is wood, and exposed, all the construction in the upholstered group is concealed or unseen. Using a simple comparison, wood furniture is like a skeleton, of which we know the quality and stability very easily; upholstered furniture is like the soft or "body" parts, and requires a scalpel's probing to disclose the hidden joints, ligaments and muscles underneath the charm of the outer skin and complexion.

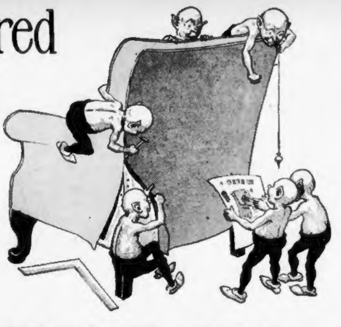
The frame of an upholstered piece is the true backbone or skeleton upon which the entire piece depends for its shape, "stance", rigidity and continued durability. This frame is of wood, and that must mean quality kiln-dried hardwood, such as ash, red and white oak, hard maple or birch.

Soft woods are not acceptable as a substantial frame. All corner blocks should be screwed and never nailed, glue should be used only for strength; any carving of the frame, as, for example, the exposed chair arms, must be of fine, hard wood and have smooth, finely-finished surfaces. The webbing of an upholstered piece of furniture corresponds to the ligaments and muscles which hold the human body taut and in place, and is designed to support the springs and aid them in giving resilience or "spring."

The best technique in webbing construction is to employ webbing strips of firm, woven material and interlace them and tack them to the sides of the frame. The strips should be near together, so as to make an almost solid surface and thus fully support the springs, which get the brunt of the use. Cheap webbing can be judged if it is sleazily woven or appears "sized," and not a good, tough, natural finish material.

It is inadvisable to buy furniture where the webbing takes the form, not of strips, but of a single-piece construction of heavy jute material, which is not comfortable or adequate in its support. Metal bands and wooden slats are likewise poor construction and support.

The springs are that item in upholstered furniture construction which takes the weight of the body, just as springs do in the seat of the auto. When your auto springs are poor or broken, it is you, and not they, who "take the bump." In a chair, from 9 to 12 small springs are essential to comfort and resiliency or "bounce," and the best or preferred shape have an hour-glass outline. All springs should be tied in place at least 8 times. Moreover, as a final precaution to springs slipping up and out of place and puncturing the cushions above, they should be well covered with good burlap.



NOW for the upholstery. With the frame made of good hard wood, the webbing strips tautly stretched and the springs firmly tied, we are ready for the padding to fill in the skeleton and make it comfortable, soft, and good-looking. The padding or filling may consist of horse or cattle hair, of moss, palm fibre, cocoa fibre, etc.

In every case, the filling must be covered with a good cotton felt padding, to keep surface smooth and to prevent insects entering and attacking the filling. The amount of the cotton felt should be about 20 to 25 per cent of the total filling material. In an important piece of furniture, accept no filling of a lower grade than moss. In general, vegetable fibres develop odors or mold and do not remain resilient for long.

In this type of furniture the cushions are most important, as they really form an integral part of the piece. A good spring-filled cushion, if well made, is often more desirable than down cushions or other feather filling. It is held that down packs easily, and requires frequent "plumping" to make the cushion retain its trim appearance.

LAST, comes the upholstery covering, of textile fabric, which so often misleads the buyer who looks at it and not first at the chair's inner construction. Never purchase any upholstered piece for its upholstery alone. It is sturdy inner construction (character) which in the end means more than outer covering (complexion).

"Which kind of upholstery fabric shall I select for my chair?" is a question which every woman buyer asks herself in the furniture department and also asks the salesman. The United States Bureau of Home Economics recently made this statement:

"It is impossible to tell, by mere examination at the store, which fabrics will give the best service," i.e., which will fade least or wear longest.

It may be said in general that silk, mohair and wool upholstery fabrics last longer and fade less than do cotton or rayon, because the former materials take dyes more strongly. Again, color fastness to light or to shampooing should be guaranteed.

When we come to discuss weave and texture from the point-of-view of durability, again it may be stated from experience that fabrics like damasks, satins, brocatelles, etc., are not intended for steady, hard wear, and that the raised threads in all such designs tend to fray-out and roughen.

Similarly, loosely-woven or "homespun" types of fabrics, many of which are very smart and good-looking, also have threads which tend to pull away from the loose weave and thus too soon give the material a worn and unsightly look. Also, they pick-up dirt more easily.

In the medium quality, moderate-priced coverings, we find cotton and linen frieze, cretonne and chintz, denim, cotton rep and cotton tapestries. All are good, but fade unless of fine quality.

"Shall I buy this piece of furniture in the muslin and select the upholstery myself?" is another question frequently asked by the buyer. The term "in the muslin" is a trade term, meaning that the chair or other upholstered piece is sold to the buyer without a finish cover, but as it comes in the white muslin cover of the last padding.

It is sometimes desirable, especially when matching other furnishings in a room, to select your own covering for the upholstered pieces. But, all-too-frequently, one is faced with claims such as this statement:

"Here is a $25-to-$35-chair, covered in your own choice of $3-to $6-a-yard materials."

Figure it out for yourself, that about 6 yards of material are required for the usual club- or armchair. At even $3 per yard, it would cost $18 for the upholstery alone, and this is more than half the cost of the entire chair. In short, some essential construction features have been omitted to give you a "bargain."

Organdy Curtains Like New After 18 Launderings

Comparative Starch Tests Prove Linit-Starched Organdy Lasts Longer

Do *your* curtains have the crisp, fresh, cheerful look of brand new curtains *after laundering?* . . . Better switch to Linit—"the friend of fine fabrics"! Linit penetrates the fabric, starches *evenly*, covers tiny fibres with protective coating. Curtains starched with Linit not only *look* beautiful, they *stay* clean-looking longer; iron easier, too.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES

These organdy curtains (cost, $2.25 a pair) were washed, Linit-starched, ironed 18 times . . . Not a sign of fabric wear, *even under the microscope!* (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc. Test no. 24747 December 2, 1941.)

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address:
ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
P. O. Box 191,
Grand Central Annex, New York.

SOAP

Put toilet soap scraps into a stew pan, adding just enough water to keep soap from burning. Heat over a medium flame until soap is melted. Pour melted soap into greased oblong molds (used for making gelatine) about the size of an ordinary cake of soap. When cool, turn out on waxed paper to dry a day or so. You will have perfectly firm, nicely molded cakes of soap as usable as new.

Mrs. Vesta Violet DePaul,
Indianapolis, Indiana

* * *

BISCUITS

When making biscuits, just before putting them in the oven put a small piece of butter on the top of each biscuit. In cooking, the butter melts and makes the biscuits golden brown. The salt in the butter gives them a delicious tangy flavor.

Mrs. George McAravy,
Antioch, California.

* * *

CHANGE

If your family is tired of the usual cereal, try serving big bowls of freshly popped corn. With milk or cream, and sugar if desired, it is a swell change.

Miss P. M. Brown,
Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

COUNTER

When knitting or crocheting instead of counting rows, I keep a small booklet alongside and as I finish a row I turn a page and in that way I always know at a glance what row I'm on.

Mrs. E. Lexow,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

SAUCE

An appetizing sauce can be made for "boiled beef" by mixing half a bottle of prepared horseradish and a small can of mushroom soup.

Mary L. Maloney,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HANDY CAN · MANY HOME USES · LOW PRICE
Use Ever-Ready Oil

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION"
In an instant I'm ready to help speed the opening of that cold blockade in your nose. Just a turn of my cap—and a couple of whiffs will bring you cooling, clearing relief.

25¢ PENETRO INHALER

FOR RELIEF FAST! from irritation of externally caused
BLEMISHES
GET THE WORLD-KNOWN MILDLY MEDICATED COMBINATION
EMOLLIENT CUTICURA SOAP
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Buy at your druggist's today!

EVERY PASSENGER WHO ACCEPTS THE HOSPITALITY OF THE FLAGSHIP SNACK SERVICE IS SERVED SUNSHINE HI HO CRACKERS

... WINS A NEW HIGH IN FAVOR!

IN THE HOME

YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE THE RICH, NUT-LIKE FLAVOR OF HI HO CRACKERS

The American Airlines estimate that this year their Flagships will carry over a million passengers. That's a lot of people—discriminating people who know good food. And because they do, the American Airlines are careful to serve Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers.

If *your* family enjoy good-things-to-eat, they'll simply love Hi Ho Crackers. They offer a new perfection in flavor—a nut-like, appetizing goodness that makes them delightfully *different* from any other round-shaped crackers you ever tasted.

Try these amazingly crisp, flaky crackers all through meals, for impromptu snacks, with beverages, spreads, and cheese. Give your family a new treat. And see for yourself why these inexpensive crackers are winning such sweeping favor all over the country . . . Be sure to ask your grocer for *Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers.*

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Choose BETWEEN THE MORTON TWINS!

Use PLAIN
if your family consists of adults!

Use IODIZED
if you've children from 6 to 18!

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

YET COSTS AN AVERAGE FAMILY

ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!

DON'T DISTORT BABY'S FEET!

The X-Ray shows how outgrown shoes injure baby feet. Better buy the correct but inexpensive WEE WALKERS and get a larger size often. Ask your baby doctor. Infants' Department of these following *low-profit* stores. Birth to size 10.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co. H. L. Green Co. Charles Stores Co. G. R. Kinney Co. Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. I. Silver & Bros. McCrory Stores Schulte-United F. & W. Grand

FREE: Correct size scale with pamphlet on care of baby feet. Write Moran Shoe Co., Dept. A. Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKER Shoes BIRTH to SIZE 10

FOR *wee* WALKERS

DON'T SAY GAUZE *Say*—

GAUZTEX

Sensational *New* PATENTED BANDAGE

1. A NEW *medicated* tape and bandage combined. 2. Does not stick to skin or hair — no drawing or pulling. 3. Easy to apply — easy to remove . . . leaves no gummy, messy stain on skin. 4. Lets healing air in — keeps dirt out. 5. Won't come off in water.

Genuine Gauztex is an amazing gauze bandage that needs no tape, pins or strings to hold in place. Comes in rolls in convenient widths and lengths. Also, individual BAND - ME - QUICK finger sizes.

10¢ and up at all Drug Counters

GENERAL BANDAGES, Inc., CHICAGO, ILL.

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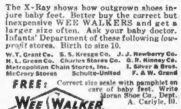

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR . . AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades —from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY'S informative articles—and its absolutely unique manner of presenting them — give this publication a place all its own in the world of magazines . . No other periodical offers such a diversity of reading-matter as appears in this and other issues of The American Weekly.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

AN ENGLISH ALMANACKER'S WAR-TIME RECIPES

By MRS. IVY MOUNTJOY,
Taunton, Somerset, England.

WITH my three little daughters I came here nearly one year ago from a little town in Somerset when my husband went into the Army. Even there in that small town, life was very different from my London days. In the little town I still had a gas stove—but it was very low pressure, and electric light. But here there are no such conveniences. We have lamps for lighting and I have a fire cooking grate. I have no nice neat kitchen as we are very cramped for room—I have just a small bedroom and this "living, dining, cooking, do everything room," as I call it! But I manage quite well and my fire oven cooks beautifully and I quickly got used to it.

As we are four miles from town and shops, we have grocer and butcher call, vegetables I buy from the people I rent the rooms from. They grow them and so I am sure of good fresh vegetables.

We are quite happy here and it is healthy and all the small inconveniences will make me appreciate all the labor-saving devices—electric and gas cookers, better lighting, etc., which town life will bring, when we return.

For many dishes I make which really need suet, I substitute margarine. For instance, the steamed pudding would be nice with suet instead of margarine and I make dumplings with margarine instead of suet these days. We use egg substitute now too—though I don't like it really—such a strange color it gives to cakes—though many housewifes prefer the bright yellow tinge it gives.

We shall be getting powdered milk soon and I'm anxious to try it. We use saccharine instead of sugar quite a lot and here's a little tip: If saccharine is used for making puddings and desserts—like custard or blanc mange, etc., always dissolve tablets first with a little boiling water and then add as you would sugar. I always reckon one saccharine tablet equal to a dessert spoon of sugar.

My pancakes these days have to be served without lemon and with just a little granulated sugar. The vegetable pie can be varied a lot by using different vegetables — but I always top them with potatoes and cheese—the cheese taking the place of meat on meatless days. Now for some recipes:

* * *

SAVORY EGGS

For each person 1 egg should be allowed if possible. I try to use 4 eggs, ¼ pound cheese, 1 rasher of bacon and 3 or 4 mushrooms, a little milk. Grate cheese, chop up bacon and mushrooms and well beat the eggs and milk. Add to eggs and milk the cheese, bacon and mushrooms and beat the whole mixture thoroughly, with a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Turn into a frying pan in which a big knob of margarine has melted and got real hot. Stir the mixture while cooking for about ten minutes. Served on toast it is delicious and is quite a satisfying dish.

* * *

VEGETABLE PIE

Grease a pie dish thoroughly and put the following cooked vegetables in, in layers: First a layer of peas, fresh cooked or tinned, then a layer of boiled carrots chopped up, then chopped friend onion and a few chopped fried mushrooms. Over all this a good thick layer of boiled mashed potatoes which have had a little butter or margarine and milk mashed into them, over the top sprinkle a layer of grated cheese and then bake it in a hot oven until the cheese top is nicely brown. It doesn't take long and is delicious served with a little brown gravy.

* * *

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

½ pound self-raising flour
1 egg
Pinch of salt
¾ pint of milk

Beat up egg and salt thoroughly, add to flour, then add milk gradually and bake in a hot oven in a tin in which some drippings have got very hot and sizzling.

This is a "standard" type recipe but it can be varied a lot. Personally I like it best cooked underneath the joint of beef—we use meat stands—place meat on stand and put this in tin with pudding. Also—if a light "puffy" pudding is preferred — use plain flour and milk and tepid water half and half. Some Yorkshire people add a small dessert spoon of powdered sage to the mixture. My grandmother always served her Yorkshire pudding first — alone with gravy and mushroom ketchup.

And whenever Grannie served poultry she always had a suet pudding first. This was served alone with gravy and mushroom ketchup too. I've an idea she hoped to fill her large family's tummy up so that they wouldn't eat all the chicken or beef at one meal! Here is her

* * *

SUET PUDDING RECIPE

1 pound self-raising flour
⅓ pound suet
Pinch of salt

Make a dough of the ingredients and tie in a clean white cloth — leave plenty of room as it swells. Place in boiling water and keep boiling for two hours.

* * *

LITTLE FRIED CAKES

½ pound flour, self-raising
¼ pound margarine
Pinch salt
¼ pound currants
1 tablespoon sugar

Mix all ingredients with a little milk and water to form a stiff dough. Turn out onto a floured board and roll very thinly. Cut into little rounds with pastry cutter and cook in a frying pan over a very low heat. Get pan fairly hot first — use no fat in pan. These little cakes need careful watching and constant turning with a slice, but one worth the trouble and children simply love them. They can be made richer with the addition of an egg if preferred.

* * *

EASY STEAMED PUDDING

9 ounces self-raising flour
3 ounces margarine
A little milk and water

Rub margarine in flour very thoroughly and add milk and water to form a dough. Grease a pudding basin and put in bottom either jam, marmalade, treacle or syrup or even a few chopped dates or sultanas. Steam for 1½ hours and serve with hot custard or chocolate sauce. (Have water boiling before placing in to steam).

NOTE: Contributors, particularly those outside of the U. S. A. are finding it increasingly difficult to answer the many letters received from Almanackers. Many such letters requesting answers do not contain return postage or international reply coupons. While most contributors like to receive your letters, please do not insist upon a reply. When writing to someone in the U. S. A. whose recipe has appeared in the Almanack, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you request a reply. — The Editor.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING

AN UNUSUAL AND EXCELLENT DESSERT

"I HAVE had this recipe for a good many years and it has never been published to my knowledge," writes Miss Sarah C. Lucid, Washington, D. C. "Pare and quarter enough medium tart apples to cover the bottom of a baking dish, adding ½ cup water, and pour over them the following batter:

½ cup sugar
2 eggs
4 tablespoons melted butter
1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup sweet milk

"Beat the eggs well. Sift sugar and 1 cup of flour together and beat into the eggs. Next add the remaining ½ cup of flour with the baking powder sifted in. Warm the milk and add the butter to the milk. Stir this in last. The sauce is made as follows:

1½ cups boiled water
1½ cups pulverized sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup butter

"Mix the flour with ½ cup of the sugar and moisten with a little cold water. Stir this into the boiling water and cook for a few minutes. Then cream the remainder of the pulverized sugar with the butter and add to the above mixture. Add 1 wine glass good wine, or more if desired. Last, add ½ cup thick cream, whipped stiff."

(Many thanks, Miss Lucid, for this most unusually good pudding. I have never seen an easier or a more delicious dessert of this type.—Mary Lee Swann.)

At the Turn of the Century, an Argentinian Restaurant Keeper Had to Maintain Three Separate Dining Rooms, One for Unescorted Women, One for Men Only and One for Couples and "The Family Trade."

BUTTERED CELERY AND CARROTS

A FINE VEGETABLE DISH FOR ANY MEAL

"THE FOLLOWING recipe is one that will help the housewife rid the refrigerator of all big outer pieces of celery, which we prefer not to serve on our raw vegetable trays," writes Mrs. Glenn C. Bohn, Johnstown, Pa. "When combined with my suggestion of carrots, it makes a delightful, but different, palatable dish for our table:

9 or 10 outer pieces of celery
3 medium-sized carrots
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
1 piece butter
(about size of an egg)

"Wash and clean celery and carrots. Dice celery into very small pieces, and thinly slice carrots. Put in a pan and cover with sufficient cold water for boiling, with salt added. When soft, remove from fire, drain and add sugar and butter. Return to stove long enough for mixture to become heated and buttered throughout. Serves six."

(Mrs. Bohn, your combination of celery and carrots is an excellent one as we discovered in the Test Kitchen.—Mary Lee Swann).

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

FRIED CHICKEN

"AND GUESTS WILL SING ITS PRAISE"

"I SAVE every page of he Housewife's Food Almanack for future reference when I want to add a new dish or a 'dressed up' old one to a meal," writes Mrs. W. A. Pettigrew, Thomasville, Ga. "They come in mighty handy. I decided I would share my original recipe for the most delicious fried chicken I've ever tasted. I've had countless compliments on it whenever I serve it.

"Dress and cut chicken for frying, removing skin from all pieces except wings; place in cold water for five minutes. Beat 1 large egg lightly, add 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons flour, beat till a smooth paste — little more flour may be needed. Drain the chicken, salt and pepper to taste, roll each piece in the paste, place in hot fat, cover and cook slowly till a golden brown; turn and brown the other side. Take care not to cook too fast or it will brown before it is done to the bone. Place on paper napkin to drain fat, make a brown gravy served with fried corn, creamed Irish potatoes and English peas and some good pickles, with old-fashioned sliced sweet potato pie. Makes a good enough dinner for the preacher!"

(Mrs. Pettigrew, we spoke to a well-known chef about your recipe just before we tried it out in our Test Kitchen. He said: "I always remove the skin from chicken before I fry it." We asked several fine housekeepers to sample your chicken for us and each one liked the idea very much.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In 17th Century Poland, a Woman Who Bragged of Her Cooking Ability Had to Prove It Before a Magistrate and Receive 15 Lashs If It Wasn't as Represented.

POTATO FLUFFS

THEY'RE GOLDEN BROWN FLUFFY PAN CAKES

"THIS RECIPE has never been published because it is my very own," writes Mrs. Minnie W. Reese, New York City. "The success of this dish depends on using bread crumbs, never flour. The result will delight you — golden brown fluffy pancakes. Applesauce is very good with this dish.

6 large potatoes
[illegible] eggs
1 onion
¾ cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon salt

"Peel potatoes, cover with cold water — let them stand. Beat eggs in separate dish. Grate onion. Now grate potatoes, drain, throw water away. Combine potato pulp, eggs, onion, bread crumbs, salt. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown, turning only once; drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt, serve piping hot."

(Mrs. Reese, our readers frequently ask us for raw potato pancakes, raw potato patties, etc. We shall add your recipe to our file of such dishes. We asked several housekeepers to sample your potato fluffs. Each one liked them enough to copy your recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

SHARE THE GREAT BENEFITS OF A GREAT FAMILY TONIC!

HELP MAKE AMERICA STRONG

NOW, more than ever, it's the duty of all of us to keep fit. As an important tonic food supplement for every member of the family, from Dad down to the youngest, many doctors strongly recommend taking Scott's Emulsion regularly because it contains vital elements* everyone needs—elements that help growing children develop sturdy bones and sound teeth. Where children or adults are deficient in *Vitamins A and D, Scott's Emulsion will also help build resistance to common colds and other minor winter ills.

88 billion globules to the teaspoon . . . smaller than milk! That's why Scott's Emulsion is 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Good-tasting, economical too. Buy today! Look for the world-known fisherman label. All druggists.

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A Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*

SWEET FRAGRANT SKIN WINS HEARTS. A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES DAINTINESS SURE!
ANNE SHIRLEY
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LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN SWEET—FRESH. YOU'LL LOVE ITS DELICATE, CLINGING FRAGRANCE!
LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

CLOROX . . . a "home defense" against invisible germ dangers!

SURVEYS show that the bacteria which cause most of the common infectious diseases are likely to be found in every home. Hygienic cleansing with Clorox provides added protection against these invisible germ dangers, for Clorox has intensified disinfecting action in laundering and in routine kitchen and bathroom cleansing. Why take unnecessary chances . . . use Clorox regularly to reduce infection risks. Directions on the label.

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Ultra-refined CLOROX

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REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS • Even Scorch, Mildew

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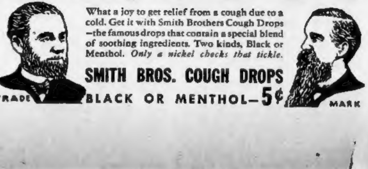

OH, JOY!

What a joy to get relief from a cough due to a cold. Get it with Smith Brothers Cough Drops—the famous drops that contain a special blend of soothing ingredients. Two kinds, Black or Menthol. *Only a nickel checks that tickle.*

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

Almanack Echoes

FRENCH CREAM

Dear Almanack:

I read and try many recipes. I am sending a recipe for a French cream. It is very easy to make and can be served with lady fingers, vanilla wafers, sponge cake, etc.

Beat 4 yolks with 2 ounces of sugar, add a pinch of flour. Beat well, add 1 cup of milk. Cook over slow fire till it boils. Pour into a bowl and cool. When very cold add a small amount of whipped cream, beat very stiff. Mix well.

Mrs. Elda Amato,
Denver, Colorado

(Mrs. Amato, your recipe is excellent and a prize winner. — Mary Lee Swann.)

NAVY WIFE

Dear Almanack:

Being a navy wife means not only preparing appetizing meals on quick notice but suitable for various climates.

Here in this tropical climate of Panama the appetite needs stimulating every day because of continuous humid days. Your recipes, particularly "Keep Cool Dinner Suggestions" are zestful and very appetizing. Not only are they inexpensive (in this particular high priced era) but they are time-savers, it isn't any fun to cook long hours in a hot kitchen and then feel too fagged to enjoy a meal.

My collection of Almanack recipes is my pride; I paste every new item in my home-made booklet and refer to them day by day. It would be delights of delights to the navy wives here in Panama if more "Keep Cool Recipes" were printed like the ones you have already offered.

Mrs. Justin J. Johnson,
Balboa, Canal Zone.

(Nice to hear from you, Mrs. Johnson. We'll publish more "Keep Cool" receipes later on when our own thermometer begins to climb.
—The Editor.)

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

BEETS EN CASSEROLE

Dear Almanack:

Through the courtesy of a friend of mine who is a resident of New Jersey, I have been a constant reader of The American Weekly for thirteen years. I am in this country and many times have been tempted to send you some recipes of my own, using the kind of foodstuff available in this country, which seems to me can be prepared in dear U. S. A. as well as here, and has proved to be both, appetizing and wholesome. So here it is, and hope you will enjoy them and deserve your approval; if so, I am willing to send you many more.

In 1 tablespoonful of dripping, brown ½ pound of fresh lean pork's meat cut in small pieces, add 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion, ¼ teaspoon of black pepper, salt to taste and 1 tablespoonful of flour; when brown, add 4 cups of hot water and let it boil for half an hour, then drop in 1 pound beets sliced and cut lengthwise, cook it until tender. Before serving add 1 tablespoonful of good vinegar.

Mrs. Lucy Munoz,
Biblian, Ecuador,
Prov. del Canar,
South America

(Mrs. Munoz, your recipe is a prize winner. Have you seen the fine Ecuadorian recipes by your countrywoman, Maria Alvarez which appeared here some weeks ago?—The Editor.)

Recipe Charts

17 Favorite Pie Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
18 Almanack Casserole Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes

ALSO

Highlights of Cooking History
Recipes for Successful Picnics
Favorite Mexican Recipes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write your name and address plainly.

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
959 EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Buckwheat Yeast Griddle-Cakes, Coffee.	Canned Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Melba Toast, Unsalted Butter, Coffee.	Cranberry Sauce, Whole Grain Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Dried Fruits, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Buckwheat Waffles, Milk or Coffee.	Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	Economy Succotash, Graham Muffins, Mixed Green Salad, Sour Cream Dressing, Rhubarb Banana Float, Tea.	Delmonico Eggs, Toast, Cabbage and Tomato Slaw, Fruit Turnovers, Tea.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Left-Over Lamb Patties, Spinach, Fruit Salad in Mint Gelatin, Mayonnaise, Crisp Rye Wafers, Russian Tea.	Corn Chowder, Soda Crackers, Mixed Green Salad, Fruit Compote, Tea with Lemon.	Savory Codfish, Baked Potatoes, Celery and Beet Salad, Golden Corn Sticks, Lemon Trifle, Coffee.	Tomato and Celery Cup, Baked Beans in Bean-Pot, Brown Bread, Brussels Sprouts or Asparagus Salad, Squash Tarts.	
Dinner	Pot Roast, Tomato Gravy, Rye Bread Toast, Steamed Carrots, Boiled Onions, Dandelion Greens, Broiled Grapefruit with Brown Sugar.	Baked Bean Soup, Braised Lamb Shoulder, Whipped Potatoes, Green Peas, Asparagus Salad, Mayonnaise, Grape Bavarian.	Economy Beef Heart, Dressing, Glazed Sweet Potatoes and Apples, Broccoli, Radish and Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Orange Pie.	Tomato Cocktail, Sliced Left-Over Beef Tongue, Buttered Macaroni, Diced Turnips, Romaine Salad, French Dressing, Fig Tapioca, Cocoa.	Consomme, Crisp Rye Wafers, Broiled Fish, Cucumber Butter, Mixed Vegetable Salad, Mystery Cake.	Barbecued Pork Spareribs, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Turnip Greens, Golden Bantam Corn, Apple Slaw, One-Two-Three Dessert.	Stuffed Breast of Veal, Vegetable Stuffing, Green Lima Beans, Spiced Baby Beets, Prune Salad, French Dressing, Banana Ice Cream, Cookies.
Supper (Company)							Squaw Corn, Toast, Lettuce and Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Lemon Ice-Box Cake, Herb Tea.

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QUINTUPLETS CATCH COLD

At the first sign of a chest cold—the Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Musterole — a product made especially to promptly relieve the DISTRESS of colds and resulting bronchial and croupy coughs.

Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's MORE than an ordinary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quints you may be sure you're using just about the BEST product made! IN 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild Musterole. Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All drugstores.

MUSTEROLE

Don't Neglect Slipping

FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop, slip or wabble when you eat, talk or laugh? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, a pleasant **alkaline** (non-acid) denture powder, sprinkled upon a dental plate, holds it firmer and gives a confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Mildly **alkaline** FASTEETH also checks gum soreness due to chafing of a loose plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get original **alkaline** FASTEETH at your druggist. Accept no substitute.

ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

AS THEY EAT 'EM IN NEW ENGLAND

Actually baked in New England, B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans bring you an old-fashioned treat at its best. More flavorful, more digestible, because slow-baked in open pots in brick-ovens! Ask your grocer, also, for B & M Brown Bread and B & M Maine Corn Relish. Burnham & Morrill Co., Portland, Maine.

B&M
Brick Oven
BAKED BEANS

I'm so happy I could yell... Just changing my shortening gives me LIGHTER CAKES!
HERE'S ALL YOU DO... DON'T CHANGE THIS
Recipe
DON'T CHANGE THESE
FLOUR
JUST CHANGE TO CRISCO!

ONLY CRISCO gives you CAKES AS LIGHT AS THIS!

Does your family nibble the icing off their cake—and leave half the cake behind?

Well, surprise 'em... Just turn around and make your next cake with Crisco! You'll be thrilled to see how much lighter cakes you can get! Why, no other shortening we know of gives you such light cakes! That's because an amazing patented process makes Crisco *different* from other shortenings.

Now—smoother batters! With Crisco, your cake batter's so much *smoother*. The ingredients stay right together—the batter doesn't have that horrid "curdled" look you've often seen.

And from your oven you'll take a lighter cake, so delicious that even the most gorgeous frosting will have to play second fiddle!

Lighter cakes that save money! Watch the family eat every tender crumb and load you down with praises! You'll wonder why you ever felt you had to use expensive cake shortening that costs 'most twice as much as pure, creamy, all-vegetable Crisco. Come on—why don't you make a *lighter* Crisco cake today!

HOORAY! FOODS FRIED IN CRISCO ARE SO DIGESTIBLE EVEN CHILDREN CAN EAT THEM!

CRISCO

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING, ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING

It's a Crisco cake—it's lighter!

NEW CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE

⅔ cup Crisco	3 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar	3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	3 egg whites

1 cup semi-sweet chocolate, chipped fine

When you blend Crisco, it's a joyful surprise! Crisco's not like shortening you have to keep chilled stiff in the icebox—it's as creamy as can be! Blends so easily!

Blend first four ingredients. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Stir in ½ cup chocolate chips.

Pardon the interruption, but do notice how much smoother and glossier cake batter you get with Crisco!

Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold into batter. Pour into 8-inch "Criscoed" and floured tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Remove from oven; sprinkle remaining ½ cup chocolate chips on top of cake; return to oven to melt. Spread over top while warm. Remove from pan and cool. Frost cake with your favorite white icing.

Crisco gives you lighter cakes than any shortening we know of.

All Measurements Level

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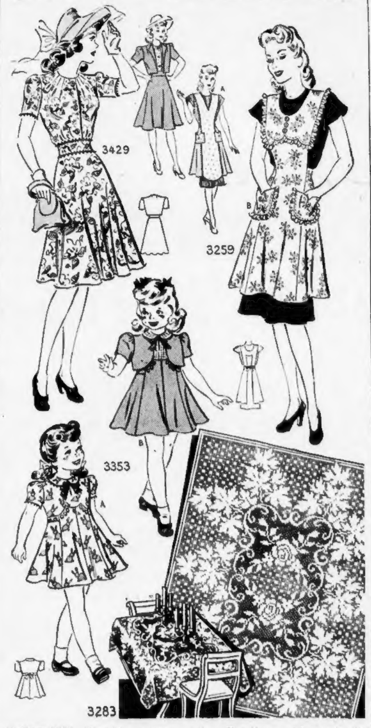
The American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3429—You'll be a popular miss in this vicacious young frock with the round high neck, the jaunty flared skirt and bolero. Designed in junior miss sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. Size 13, dress, requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric; bolero, 1 yard.

Pattern 3259—A modern homemaker wants pretty—yet—practical aprons! Both versions are quickly stitched. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, requires 1⅝ yards 35-inch fabric and 1¼ yards contrast; view B, 1⅜ yards.

Pattern 3353—Little Sis wants a bolero frock, too! Hers has a panelled skirt and optional contrast. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, view A, requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric; view B, 1⅜ yards and ⅜ yard contrast.

Pattern 3283—Maple leaves lend grace to this beautiful heirloom cloth that you can jiffy crochet so easily. Pattern 3283 contains directions and charts for making cloth in various sizes; illustrations of it and stitches; material requirements.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN 15c EACH

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Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15¢ (Plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for each pattern.

A fashion page for every age in the exciting new American Weekly pattern leaflet! Eight pages of smart, easy-to-sew styles for tots, teenster, miss and matron. Send three cents and this sewing success story is yours. **Address all orders to:**

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"Guess My Age!"

New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20—30—35?

She has found her Lucky Shade of face powder! She has found the shade that really *flatters* her skin—makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you quite sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—that it doesn't say you're getting a bit *older?*

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest? Send today for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—one after another—let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is different because it's made differently. It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and smoother by far than any ordinary face powder. That's why it clings so long—*clings* 4 hours or more! That's why its shades and its texture are so unusually flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

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Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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CITY____________ STATE________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

How Little Mistakes in Eating Can Keep You Half-Sick

WHICH DO YOU SUFFER FROM?

Common Rheumatism and Arthritis

He suffers from rheumatic pains largely because of simple mistakes in his diet. If he follows the suggestions on page eight of Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, *"You Are What You Eat,"* he should get quick relief.

Excess Weight

She could reduce in no time, yet actually eat more food than she does now . . . if she only ate properly. *"You Are What You Eat"* would tell her how.

Sinus Trouble

Sinus trouble (catarrhal) is robbing this man of strength. He is tortured constantly. Yet Victor H. Lindlahr knows how a simple change in the food he eats might help him end his ailment.

Dietary Indigestion — Heartburn

He is one of countless people who suffers needlessly from dietary stomach disorders. Chapter 7 of Victor H. Lindlahr's great book shows a way to quick relief and prevention for thousands.

Frequent Colds

She is an easy victim of coughs and colds. Something vital is lacking in her diet. What? Read the first chapter of *"You Are What You Eat"* to see how easy it should be to put her on the road to strength and health.

Poor Eyesight

She suffers from eye-strain and resulting frequent headaches due to a lack of one vitamin. If she followed Victor H. Lindlahr's suggestions she might prevent these annoying eye troubles.

Learn How to Eat Your Way to Better Health

HERE, AT LAST, is Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable method of health through diet brought to you in a big fascinating book—at a price so low everyone can own it! In just one evening, you can learn how to *correct* mistakes in eating that may have been keeping you below par . . . you may learn how to be healthier, *happier* by following the *proven* principles of health through diet in Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, *"You Are What You Eat."*

It is a book that reads like a detective novel! A book that gives you the thrilling revelations of recent nutritional discoveries . . . a book that condenses and *explains* these facts and tells you, in simple, understandable language, just how to *apply* them.

Do you suffer needlessly because of simple mistakes you are making in your eating? Let Victor H. Lindlahr help you and your family gain better health through diet. It has been done in thousands of cases. It *is* being done every day!

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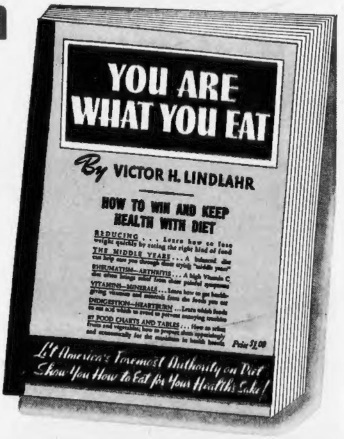
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